THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

23rd Year. No. 29. WILLIAM BOOTH TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1907. THOMAS B. COOMBS, Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.

"A Very Human Document" is the Story These Sketches Illustrate, p. 3.

A STRANGE BANQUET.

An Impressive Scene.

Every night, just at midnight, a strange banquet is given in London, under the shadow of Waterloo Bridge, on the Victoria Embankment of the Thames, says the National Tribune, of Washington, D.C. It is a weird, impressive scene. In the background is the dark river moving slowly, like an immense crocodile, impatiently waiting for expectant prey, and in the foreground a touch of the twentieth century is given by the noisy, brightly lit electric cars dashing along the embankment. Between the two a crowd of men and women have gathered, the poverty guests of the banquet, the hopeless, friendless, homeless wretches of London's streets. The women, with pale, wan faces, whose eyes tell the terrible tragedy of their lives; the men, grimy and unshaven, desperation, ferocity, and dull despair written all over them, stand in their rags, awaiting their host. Just as "Big Ben" tolls out the midnight hour two covered vans rattle up briskly, followed by a trap driven by a Salvation Army officer. The crowd, which has been standing silent and motionless, immediately starts, and shows a keen interest in life as the savory smell of hot soup is wafted to them. The banquet board is the wide pavement of the embankment. Temporary tables are quickly set up, and the noisy clatter of bowls being filled with the steaming soup adds a homely cheerfulness to this depressing scene. The crowd instantly makes a rush for the tables, but the police insist that everything shall be done decently and in good order. A bowl of soup and a great hunk of bread are given to each, and spoons are provided, but such a crowd as this is no use for the restrictions of a spoon, and the starving man or woman holds his or her bowl with both hands, drinking greedily. In the twinkling of an eye almost, for hunger stands not on ceremony, the vans are empty, and the mountains of bread have vanished. There are no prayers, no meeting afterwards. The vans and the trap of the Salvation Army officer rattle away, and the crowd disperses—whither? Ah, God only knows; but the warm soup and bread have at least stopped for a time the gnawing at their stomachs, and given them some courage to face the long hours before daylight. This midnight feast is only for those who have no bed for the night, which is the reason it is given at this hour. It is only one little bit, a tiny part, of the magnificent work done by the Salvation Army, which commands the admiration, aye, more than that, the veneration of the whole world.—American War Cry.

MOTHER! JESUS IS COMING!

Now a Happy Home.

The following touching narrative comes from a comrade in the north who, previous to his conversion, was a poor, despised tramp. The story throws into beautiful relief the attitude of our soldiers the world over towards misery and need.

"I am a married man," he writes, "with a wife and six children living.

"Before we joined the Army—God bless them!—we were on tramp from Mexborough down into Lincolnshire—all as a result of drink. We had nowhere to lay our heads.

"At last I got work on a new railway, and we slept rough for a week in a barn, although my oldest boy was dying.

"We then got a house at Owston Ferry, and a week or so later he died, aged fifteen.

"His dying words were, 'Mother, Jesus is coming.'

"We were without a friend in the world until the Captain and soldiers of the Owston Ferry corps came to our assistance.

"The Captain buried our dead son, and, glory be to God! that ended my wild career, for on Sept. 10th, 1905, at the memorial service, we all gave our hearts to God at the Army penitent form.

"Now, father, mother, and one son are senior soldiers, and the four younger children are all juniors, while our baby is to be dedicated under the flag.

"Bless God! He has not seen us want since, and now we have a happy home, where the songs of Zion are heard.

"Where the children used to run away they now run to meet me."—British Cry.

YOU AR'N'T YORKIE.

Was "Paralysed with Surprise."

A man who came helplessly drunk to a Sunday morning meeting was nick-named "Yorkie," and is known all over "South." He's a hawker, and his conversion created a great stir. The march went through some of South Melbourne's slummy streets on that Sunday, with "Yorkie" in the procession, and the sight of the new convert occasioned a deal of excitement, which has not even yet subsided. The Staff-Captain declares that "all the folks are talking about him." He is wonderfully changed.

On a recent Sunday four comrades—the Staff-Captain, "Yorkie" (who was carrying the flag as usual), and two others—were on their way to the open-air meeting, when they were accosted by a ship's fireman, whose vessel had just arrived in port from the Old Country. This man—a Scotsman, by the way—was looking for "Yor-r-kie," whom he had not seen for about two years. He wanted to renew acquaintance, and have a carousal with him for the sake of "auld lang syne." The last time he saw "Yorkie" he was a perfect wreck, and now, while carrying the colors, he was asked by this man where his pal was. He didn't know his name, but the convert at once recognized a former boon companion, and declared, "I'm the man you are looking for!"

"What! you 'Yor-r-kie'? I cannn believe it! What's happened to ye?"

He was, to use the Staff-Captain's forcible expression, "Paralyzed with surprise," and kept looking "Yorkie" up and down as they went along towards the open-air stand.

"Yorkie" was worth looking at, too. He had on a new navy blue suit and jersey.

"I never saw a man taken aback so much in my life before," remarked the exuberant Simms.

"Well," concluded the fireman, "ye're a bron pluckit fra tha burnin' all richt; I'll nae tempt ye to gang wi' me for drink any more."

Although he was what has been termed "three sheets in the wind," he accompanied his newly-found friends to the open-air meeting, and afterwards to the barracks, and was profoundly impressed.—Australian War Cry.

AN ACCUSING CONSCIENCE.

Salvation Penitent's Confession.

By a letter which has just been received in Gravesend the character of an innocent man has been cleared of a suspicion which has hung over him for fifteen years.

In 1893 Mr. Henry Snelling went as manager to the Northfleet and Greenhithe Gas Company. He befriended an orphan lad named Pearce, provided him with an outfit, and taught him the routine of the work.

Pearce made the most of his opportunities, and was placed in charge of the office. Towards the end of 1899 threatening anonymous letters reached the manager, and further communications reaching him in town, he suspected a conspiracy. As a result he spoke to the chairman of the company. To his astonishment he learnt that letters had been forwarded to the chairman, and that statements had been made accusing Mr. Snelling of embezzling money and falsifying the accounts.

He courted the fullest enquiry, and while awaiting this the office was broken into and the credit-book stolen. However, the strictest inquiry failed to disclose anything wrong, and Mr. Snelling was asked to resume his post, but he refused to do so, and resigned.

Pearce was appointed to the managership in place of the man whom, as events proved, he had so cruelly wronged. He left after a short time, however, and turned up about five years ago, a white-haired and prematurely aged man. He intimated that he wished to make a statement to Mr. Snelling. In 1903 a letter was received from him in London asking for forgiveness.

Now a second letter from Saskatchewan, Canada, has been received from Pearce. In this he says he covered his own faults and laid them all on Mr. Snelling.

He continued:—

"I write this as a duty before God, and I am sorry for having been guilty of anything so mean; but the influence of Satan had fast hold of me, and I believe I would have done you all the injury I could, but I hope you will forgive me."

Pearce has, says the Daily News, now become a soldier in the ranks of the Salvation Army.—Social Gazette.

The Praying League

Special Prayer Topic: Pray for the success of the Social Anniversary in Toronto and the Commissioner's special meetings.

Sunday, April 21.—Take Heed.—Deut. iv. 7-31.

Monday, April 22.—Privileges.—Deut. iv. 40; v. 29-32.

Tuesday, April 23.—Teach the Children.—Deut. vi. 4-25.

Wednesday, April 24.—The Holy Nation.—Deut. vii. 1-19.

Thursday, April 25.—Remember.—Deut. viii. 2-18.

Friday, April 26.—Stiff-Necked.—Deut. ix. 1-20.

Saturday, April 27.—Obedience.—Deut. x. 22; xi. 1-7.

HOW TO PRAY.

By The General.

I.—Individual Prayer.

We hear a good deal about individual prayer, but we do not hear nearly as much as I should like to hear—nor do I see anything like as much as I should like to see—of the congregation, the people, praying.

The world is full of blessings that have come from individual prayers. There was Jacob's, for instance. What a prayer that was! That was one of the most encouraging instances of personal prayer the Bible contains. Because Jacob had done some mean things; and you would have thought that if anybody had been turned back from the Throne of Grace it would have been this selfish, mean man. But Jacob stuck to it, and he got what he wanted. God help us to wrestle for and stick to a thing when we want it! He likes living hearts to wrestle with Him; and He wants you to wrestle.

II.—Power of United Prayer.

But it is the power of united prayer—everybody praying, all hands stretched forth full of expectation for great blessings—that I wish especially to dwell upon. I have no doubt but that the Welsh Revival we have heard so much about came as the result of united prayer. It got hold of the common people. Anybody and everybody prayed. The saints prayed; the sinners prayed—drunk or sober. They prayed in meetings and they prayed out of meetings, anywhere and everywhere.

We want to get our soldiers to pray. The matter is very simple. When you get united action you get remarkable results, and there is no such easy plan of securing united action on the part of the soldiers as getting them all to pray. Give them a chance, then; encourage them to pray, and bless them when they do pray. The revival of our own corps up and down the country has usually been started by praying. The Salvation Army itself is an answer to prayer—I need not tell you that.

III.—A Serious Spirit.

I will give you one or two directions which, if attended to, will help you to make your meetings what you want them to be. And first I would earnestly strive after a serious spirit. Fight against wandering thoughts. Don't go and make any foolish jesting with your tongue or with your eyes—not only in the meeting, but in the streets. Have your life in harmony with the Holy Spirit then He will dwell with you.

When you pray aloud, stand on your feet. Lift your voice and speak as distinctly as you can, because if your prayer is to be of any service it must be heard. If it is not heard and understood you had better not pray aloud. Don't be too long. Remember, the Lord can understand a great deal in a little space. Cast yourself on God at once, and strive after the blessed realization that you are actually speaking to Him.

(To be continued.)

A Ver

A Letter

EDITOR'S NOTE.—
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FAMILY OF FOUR

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DENY YOU

A Very Human Document.

A Letter from a Land Three Hundred Miles North of Dawson.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—An editor has a very heavy post bag. Some epistles are to his liking—some are not. The Editor of the War Cry finds that his letters more often than not form very interesting reading, but rarely have we perused a letter of greater human interest than the following from an isolated comrade away in the wilds of Yukon.

IN reply to the query in your issue of Jan. 5th, relative to the continuance of serial stories, I thought I would drop you a few lines. In my opinion the continued story is the cause of the War Cry being read by some who would not otherwise look at it.

As an instance that has come under my own observation, let me relate the following: Last September my partner, Andrew Howland, and my self came here to prospect for gold. Our location is over 300 miles from Dawson City, and we brought all our provisions and supplies out on dog team sleds as soon as the snow came. Another man has been prospecting around here, and he often comes to see us. At first he would not look at the War Cry, but he caught sight of that story, "What the Law Could Not Do," and became very interested in it. He then began to read some of the other pages, and finally became as anxious for the War Cry to come as I am. One Sunday he said to me, after

READING THE PAPER.

"I tell you, Wooler, the Army is doing a lot of good."

That gave me an opportunity of telling him what the Army had done for me.

Perhaps you might wonder how we manage to get the War Cry out here. It is this way: Capt. Andrews, at Galt, Ont., sends me the Canadian War Cry, and Sergt.-Major Grant, of Bellingham, Wash., sends me the American edition. Once a month we take the dog team and go for the mail, which means a trip of seventy-five miles.

As regards what the Army has done for me, I would like to tell you my story. I was born at Windsor Mills, Richmond County, Quebec, of Scotch parents. My mother died when I was quite young, and our

FAMILY OF FOUR

was scattered in all directions, seeking a livelihood. We sold papers and blacked boots in Montreal, and learned to fight and drink, living a regular rough and tumble life. My eldest brother and I stuck together very closely, and finally drifted out into the country, and went into the woods around the head waters of the Connecticut River.

I afterwards went alone to Michigan and worked in the woods and drove on the streams, where I became very popular with my companions, as I could sing a good song and loved to drink, fight, and swear with the rest of them.

In 1883 I went to Colorado, where I again met my eldest brother, and together we started prospecting, with varied success. It was here I added gambling to my other vices, and this kept me poor in pocket for a number of years, until

I LEARNT HOW TO CHEAT

without being detected. I had plenty of money then, but whenever I won large sums I would go on the spree for a week or two and often kept it up for several months. I got into such a state that no matter how much whiskey I drank it intoxicated me no more than if it was water. I was well liked by most of the people I came in contact with, but if I contracted a dislike for anyone I soon found an occasion to quarrel with them, and a fight generally resulted. Through Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Montana I roamed, but made Colorado my headquarters. Many times I was arrested for fighting and drunkenness. For over two years I carried a belt gun with the object of

SHOOTING A MAN

who had done me an injury, and by this time drink was getting the complete mastery over me. I simply would not leave it alone, and could never pass a saloon if I had any money on me. Several offered to pay my way through a Keeley Cure Institute if I would consent to go there, but I had no liking to get cured that way. Often I have gone to bed after a protracted spree, and as I would lie there it seemed as if little monkeys and black cats would be walking all over me. I would strike and kick at them all night, until I was utterly worn out, and then I would call on God Almighty to end my life and put me out of misery.

Six years ago I left Colorado and started for the Klondike, arriving in Dawson City the last Sunday in May. As I was walking down Front St. I saw my brother standing on Chisholm's corner. I had not seen him for over seven years, and so we celebrated the occasion by a drinking bout. We then went out to Dominion Creek and started working, but Hootch (whisky) proved our downfall once again. Eighteen months later I started for old Mexico, agreeing to meet my brother in Seattle, Wash., from where we would continue our journey together. I got

AS FAR AS SKAGWAY,

Alaska. Arriving in town at 5 p.m. I first got a drink, then I visited the barber, and afterwards went to the Board of Trade, where I played Faro, and won a few dollars. After a few more drinks I soon had all kinds of friends, and I awoke next morning in the back room of a saloon, feeling as if I had been drugged. I got up and frisked myself, searched my pockets for dough (money), and found I had just one lonely nickel left out of my old Mexico stake.

A week later I wandered into the Salvation Army hall. Capt. Lang was in charge then, and when he asked if there was anyone who wanted to lead a better life I went out to the penitent form. They prayed with me, but I could not get hold of salvation, and an hour later I was singing for drinks in the Pack Train Saloon. For a whole year I

WANDERED ABOUT ALASKA,

but could get no peace of mind. I was getting worse all the time, and began to think there was no hope for me at all. I then went down to Seattle and landed there dead broke. They arrested me, but after spending thirty hours in the Bull Pen I was let loose again. Chief Sullivan gave me a long talking-to, and I went to work on the Northern Pacific Railroad, at Eagle Gorge. I stayed till the job was done, and was then entitled to $52. With this amount I went to the city of Tacoma, determined to keep away from the booze. I saw the other boys drinking, however, and as the glasses were set on the bar sparkling and foaming my good resolutions were shattered and I made a rush for a drink. The boys patted me on the back and said, "That's the stuff, be a man, Scotty." We went over to Seattle later on, and once more I was pulled up to the Bull Pen in the hurry-up wagon. On both these occasions I gave my right name to the authorities, a thing I had seldom done before. They kept me for forty-eight hours this time, and Chief Sullivan gave me some more advice. He told me to keep out of the saloons and then his men would leave me alone in the future. Directly I

OBTAINED MY LIBERTY

I went and had a few drinks of whiskey, but that night I went to an Army meeting. I felt I had no business to be there, so I went out again, and in a short time all my money was gone; so I sold my clothes and spent the proceeds in whiskey; then part of my blankets went (I might state here that every man in the West or on the frontier has to carry his own bedding with him) but still I felt dry. I therefore sang Scotch and Irish songs in the saloons for booze, and so got all I wanted. Once more I started out to get work. My outfit consisted of a blanket, a suit of underwear (which the pawnshop Uncle would not buy from me) and a pair of shoes that wouldn't hold beans. In this kind of a rig I tramped out of Seattle with my old friends, the monkeys and the cats, keeping me company. I got a job this time on the Great Northern Railroad, at which I worked one month. I then went back to Seattle, got my clothes bag again and bought a ticket for Bellingham. I managed to get drunk before the boat started and so missed it. It was five days before I reached my destination, and I arrived in the town sick in heart, soul, and body, and disgusted with myself. For clothing I had on

A MARINE'S TUNIC,

and pair of U. S. army pants with the seat torn out. I presented such a woebegone and ragged appearance that one saloon keeper ordered me out of his benutified hell hole. I went out, but told him that if I was not just about ready to quit him and his kind I would have let him come out from behind his bar and try to put me out. I went down to the wharf to get my blankets, and on my way back I stepped into a blacksmith's shop to rest and have a smoke. A big, tall man was helping one of the blacksmiths, and he came over and said:

"Brother, you look bad."

I said, "I feel bad."

"Then why don't you quit this kind of a life?" he said, and then he started in to tell me the old, old story, and invited me to have dinner with him. He then told me where the Salvation Army hall was, and suggested that I should go and tell the officers that he (Sergt.-Major Grant) had sent me there. I could not find the hall, so went into another blacksmith's shop and stayed there until it was dark, as I was feeling ashamed of the clothes I had on. The blacksmith gave me another pair of pants, however, and I went

UP TO BECK'S THEATRE.

A big saloon is connected with this place, and I sat in the back part of it and smoked. Suddenly I made up my mind to go to the Army. How I found it God only knows—He must have led me there. I went in and sat on a back seat. Ensign Arthur Sheard was talking, and as I sat there I wished I could be a Christian and lead a good life. The devil finally got me worked up to leave the hall, telling me: "There is no hope for you, Scotty; you cannot be a Christian, you are too far gone. Go and strike a saloon keeper for a bracer (drink) and you will feel better."

I went out, but only got to the edge of the sidewalk when Sheard (God bless him) was at my side. He talked to me, and I went back again and knelt at the penitent form.

One more I could not get hold of salvation. I had an idea that I had to pull it on like an overcoat or a blanket, but Sheard said to me, "You must believe that God is willing and does right now cleanse you from all your sins and takes you

RIGHT INTO HIS FOLD."

Then the burden of my heart rolled away. Bless and praise the name of Jesus Christ!

The officers of the corps fixed a bed for me that night on the floor of the hall. I slept fine all night, with no monkeys or cats to bother me, and thank God I have never seen them since.

After meeting next evening they turned me over to Sergt.-Major Grant, who got me a job. For a month I lived with him, and he would read and talk with me, pointing out the rocks ahead that I might be wrecked on in the future, and thus laying a good solid foundation.

That was three years ago the 6th of January last, and I am

NOW A SOLDIER

of Dawson corps. I have not been able to get to a meeting, however, since the 11th of September, 1906.

This is what the Army has been the means of doing for Scotty, the whisky-soaked, sinful wretch.

I thank God for the victory over tobacco, too. I fell once owing to this, but got complete deliverance during the stay of Capts. Andrews and Pease in the Klondike.

I will close by telling you that the War Cry is a very welcome visitor. The Christmas Number was a beauty. May God bless you and all the Army for what I am to-day.

Your brother in Christ Jesus,
Andrew Donald Wooler.

DENY YOURSELF TO SAVE MEN LIKE WOOLER.

PARAGRAPHS & PICTURES

This is an Extraordinary Family—Read About Them in the Following Par.

A Salvation Family

THAT IS ALSO A CORPS BAND.

The photo reproduced on this page represents the Crockett family, of Denton, Eng.

Interest in them is even more than ordinary, from the fact that they are not only a Salvation family,but also —the corps band! A small one, it is true, but a downright hard-working one.

This unique combination holds the Regulation band week-ends, and usually doubles the collections.

"Dad" Crockett, as he is familiarly called, is a man of few words, but a tower of strength to his officers. Prior to his conversion, twenty-six years ago, he was a drunkard, and used to take his little son (now corps Treasurer) from one public-house to another seeking drink.

"Many a time," says one of his Captains, "I've heard him say, with tears of joy streaming down his face, 'Thank God for the salvation of my family.'"

All the brothers, as well as the father, are equally at home on the keys of the concertina as with the brass instruments.

Loyal hard-working Salvationists, the Crockets, in company with thousands like them up and down the country are living lives which bring honor to God and blessing to men.

Converting the Heathen.

Whole Villages Turn to God.

At a village in South Travancore the inhabitants associated themselves with the Army in a body. There are only three families in the village now remaining in heathenism, and it is hoped that these also will soon be converted.

At Varioor, a village about ten or twelve miles from Territorial Headquarters, only one man and his family were Salvationists till a short time ago, but as the result of persistent visiting and meetings by the officers, and the consistent living of the family referred to thirty-seven of the villagers decided to renounce heathenism and accept salvation, and petitioned the Army to come to their assistance. Colonel Nurani visited Varioor in response to this petition. Two Staff Officers who were once heathens and devil-worshippers spoke, and the headman also gave his testimony. The Colonel urged her congregation to give their hearts fully to God, and, following her words of advice and instruction, the thirty-seven petitioners prayed earnestly for salvation. Very touching were the scenes witnessed at the penitent form. The meeting was one of great interest and encouragement, and Colonel Nurani speaks most hopefully of the future.

An Immediate Salvation.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN ACT.

The soldiers had grown tired of talking to him, for his usual answer was, "No, not to-night."

Perhaps it startled him a bit to find he was not the centre of attraction as formerly, and he might have begun to wonder if he had gone too far, and had driven God away by his stubborn rebellion.

He got desperately anxious anyhow, and one night he was observed to take a seat half way up the hall instead of right at the back.

Would the sermon never come to an end? He was deeply under conviction and felt it was now or never, so he waited for the invitation to the penitent form with almost feverish anxiety.

As soon as it was given he jumped to his feet, and that moment the Spirit of God came to him and assured him of Salvation.

All that God had waited for so many years was the one act which denoted the complete submission to His will, and the moment the man obeyed them God saved him.

Cannibalism in China.

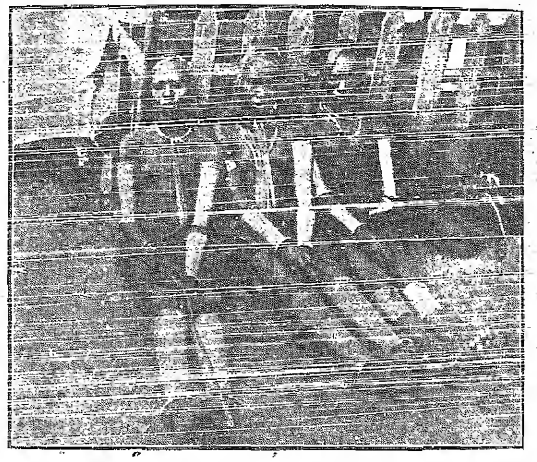
Famine-Stricken People Eating Human Flesh.

The famine-stricken Chinese have been practising cannibalism in localities where the distress is more acute. Authenticated cases have been thus far few, but it is feared that cannibalism will spread unless relief can be more speedily and more widely distributed. The spread of fever continues, and the heavy rains are increasing the general misery. Spasmodic rioting has occured, but the outbreak has not been serious. The famine relief organization is taxed to the utmost in supervising the distribution of relief and in managing the relief work, which now employs hundreds of destitute Chinese. The committee is appealing for more volunteer helpers, large orders for grain have been placed in America, Australia, and Manchuria, with the stipulation that they must be filled as promptly as possible.

A Drum Story.

One fine spring evening a neighbor and myself were busy repairing a leaky roof. Large bundles of shingles were beside us, and we were working away fixing the new shingles in between the old. The jarring of the hammers suddenly started a large bundle moving, and as the roof was slippery it slid down with great speed before we could stop it. Looking down to see where the shingles were likely to fall I saw to my horror that my neighbor's little child, of about three years of age, was directly underneath. Neither of us could speak for fright, and we thought the child would surely be crushed to death. Just then the bang, bang, of the Army drum was heard in the distance, and the little tot cried out, "Army, Army," and started running in the direction of the sound. Hardly had she gone a step or two when the shingles came crashing down upon the very spot where she had been standing.

With intense relief we realised that she had been saved from death by the providence of God through the Army drum.—A Friend of the S. A.



This is a Famine Family in China.
Read "Cannibalism in China."

THREE WIVES OF A MASAI CHIEF

These girls are the wives of a chief, and were photographed as they were waiting on the platform of a station on the Uganda Railway. Observe the enormous bangles. We have a good missionary work close to the locality in which these people live. Your Self-Denial effort will help us to take to them salvation.

At Mayence, when the Army opened some eight years ago, the police were very unfriendly and did their best to expel us from the town. But when Commissioner Oliphant visited the place this time the Over Burgomaster of the town requested an audience with him, and expressed his feelest sympathy with our Social Work, offering the Army the use of a large disused nunnery at a nominal rate, providing the Army would start Social operations in that city.

River Driving in Spring.

An Exciting Industry—What the River Jack is Like—Some Interesting Facts Concerning Himself and His Work.

Pike Poles and Peavies Clear the Course—Keep the Logs Moving.

THE riverman is sometimes woodsman as well, but not always, says a writer in "Outing." He has been brought up on running water. As a small boy he has walked logs in the great booms — and been fished out of the river a hundred times. At an early age he has taken naturally to the pike pole and peavy, working first in the still waters about the mill booms, later with the drive. His business is to conduct sawlogs from the bank where they have been piled to the mill where they will be cut. He does this by means of water courses. To them he sticks as closely as a railroad man to his right of way. They are known to him; they absorb his entire life. He grows to his environment. Certain qualities the river demands of him. They are developed early and markedly, for their presence spells not merely success, but life or death. Possessing them he survives; lacking them he surely perishes.

An Interesting Type.

You *could recognize* him easily. He wore invariably a little round felt hat with a rosette of matches tucked neatly in its band; a thick flannel shirt; kersey trousers that have been chopped off at the knee; heavy woolen socks reaching almost to the trousers, and shoes armed with many long, sharp spikes. These latter were his most distinctive badge. They were filed to needle points the better to cling to slippery logs, and varied from a quarter to three quarters of an inch in length.

First and foremost your true riverman can ride a log. This does not mean merely that he is able to stand upright or to jump from one to another with a splashing indifference even that is no mean feat, as a trial will convince you. That is the kindergarten of it. The saw log in the water is not only his object of labor but his means of transportation. Your true riverman on drive almost never steps on land except to eat and sleep.

A journey down stream is to him an affair of great simplicity. He pushes into the stream a stack of timber, jumps lightly atop of it, leans against his peavy, and floats away as graceful and motionless as a Grecian statue. When his unstable craft overtakes other logs, he deserts it, runs *forward as far as he can* the logs bobbing and awash behind his spring—and so continues on another timber.

Water Gymnastics.

Nor does quick water always cause your expert riverman to disembark. Using his peavy as a balancing pole, and treading with squirrel-like quickness as his rocking foils, he will run rapids of considerable force and volume. When the tail of a drive passes through the chute of a dam, there are always half a dozen or so of the "rear" men who, out of sheer bravado, will run through standing upright like circus riders and yelling like fiends.

The deck of a log, besides being a means of transportation, is also valuable as a point of vantage from which to work. Men push out stranded logs, heave, lift, do everything that the heavy labor of moving timber calls for, not from the stable foundation of the earth, but from the rolling and slipping disadvantage of floating timber. Their adjustments have become entirely unconscious. I have watched them hours at a time, fascinated by the nicety with which they tread now one way, now the other, as the log rolled; the exactness with which they shifted footing as the pressure on their support became too great for its buoyancy. And all the time their minds were absorbed in the labor.

Log Sense.

This, with ability to handle well the heavy, constitutes the essential equipment of the choicest man who would go on drive. There is in addition a deep "log sense" which comes only with experience, and to some more than to others. Then tendencies of currents, the effect of water in volume and swiftness, the places where jams are likely to form, the why of them, and how to avoid them, where jams will break, the possible combination of key logs, rollway breaking, dam running, and a thousand other intensely technical details all these are within the grasp of the men who, like *Jack Boyd*, rise to the top of the profession.

Now, in addition to judgment, balance and quickness, you must add an enormous strength. The saw log is a heavy and inert mass which the riverman is called on a hundred times a day to tug at with all the heart and pith there is in him. His muscles develop and harden like steel.

And as a last item of physical equipment must be noticed that tough endurance which is at once demanded and developed by the wild life anywhere.

Long Days.

During drive your riverman often works fourteen hours a day. The logs must go out during the times of high water, and high water is in the early spring. His feet are wet all the time. There is much rain and some snow. Camp is in a different place every night. Blankets are often soaked beyond the possibility of drying until the sun again appears. I have often seen the rear crew "sacking" stranded logs while rotten ice was still running in the current. The men worked immersed to the waist in this literal ice water. Once in two or three hours one would build a little fire to thaw out by. Ordinary men could not live in the environment of these men's daily work.

Naturally this sort of thing demands a rather high degree of resolution. The latter quality rises to the dignity of absolute courage at times. Jams are not an abnormal part of the work, as most people suppose, but a regular incident of the day's business. In the breaking of them the jam crew must be quick and sure. I know of no finer sight than the going out of a toil jam. the men pry, heave, and tug sometimes for hours. Then all at once the apparently solid surface begins to crack and settle. The men zigzag rapidly to shore. A crash and spout of waters marks where the first key is already toppling into the current. The front melts like *snow*. A vast, formidable movement agitates the brown tangle as far as you can see. And then with another sudden and mighty crash the whole river bursts into a torrent of motion.

Breaking the Jam—A Dangerous Job.

But sometimes things do not go quite right. Few drives finish without losing a man. There are magnificent rescues, narrow escapes. However, these men appear to accept whatever comes as a matter of course; or, perhaps more truly, if it is their pride never to show emotion of any sort.

Commissioner McAlonan has recently visited Rorschach and Buchs, in Switzerland, where he had very good meetings and twenty souls forward for holiness and salvation.

Territorial Tit-Bits.

Lieut.-Colonel Byers has been having some encouraging meetings during his tour in South America. Crowded halls, interested people, a number of souls, intense heat and drought are all mentioned in his report.

A gentleman recently called at the Divisional Headquarters at Zurich, and, in the absence of the D. O., gave the Secretary a donation of $600 from an anonymous donor. The D. O. was, *naturally*, very jubilant, when she heard the good news.

When in Viborg recently, Lieut.-Colonel Howard received the pleasant news that the Senate had agreed to a request made, and had granted himself and his Secretary free second-class tickets for traveling on all the Finnish State Railways.

Commissioner Oliphant has visited Mulhausen and opened a beautiful Men's Home—lately acquired in this city. On the afternoon of the opening quite a number of notabilities were present, including the chief representative of the police.

Major Dev Dus (Renfrew) who has done some twenty-one years' service in India and Ceylon, has recently farewelled from Kandy. At this meeting three Carnatic soldiers, one of the Native Regiments, were sworn-in under the Yellow, Red, and Blue.

Colonel Narani has been continuing the special meetings in South India, and on the Malabara Division recently conducted a meeting under a pandel, with 1,500 people present, at the close of which 200 sought salvation and sanctification, including several notorious characters.

A good building has recently been acquired in Rotterdam for a Maternity House. The Notary, before whom the transfer took place was especially interested in it, as it was his own building who had built the property (the cost of labor amounting to $1,760) but had died just before the building was finished.

Commissioner Oliphant has recently been visiting several of the new openings in Germany. At one of these places—Bonn- although the corps had only been opened three weeks the others were able to present twenty recruits to the Commissioner. The second largest building in the town was hired, but hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

During the month of February thirty souls sought salvation at the Durban I. corps, Natal. Several of these converts urged very much for the opening of a society at South Coast Junction, and a building was secured and work started. Three souls were at the mercy seat the first Sunday, four young people on Tuesday, and soon there is to be a separate band of soldiers and recruits.

A man living at Hanover, having heard of the Anti-Suicide Bureau, wrote to the General saying that he and his family were in the utmost distress through want of employment, and he was almost in despair. The case was put into the hands of Lieut.-Colonel Peyron, and he now writes that through the efforts of Captain Guarnoli, the officer stationed at Florence, the man has been restored to a good position, and, best of all, that he is converted and intends soon to become a soldier.

Some time ago several of our soldiers living at Schiedam, in Holland, wrote to the General explaining that their daily work lay in the gin factories at that place, where, not only were they engaged in the manufacture of this deadly spirit, which was against their consciences, but they were compelled to work for very long hours for about starvation wages. They therefore appealed to the General, like another Moses, to deliver them from this Egyptian bondage, and the result is that arrangements have been completed for their transfer to Canada, and they will shortly be sailing for this country under the Army's care and auspices.

Personalities.

The Commissioner has again returned to Territorial Headquarters, after accompanying the General through the Dominion to Seattle. Since the October Councils the Commissioner has been "in journeyings oft," having traveled no fewer than 11,060 miles on Salvation Army service in this country. A great portion of this mileage has been performed in company with Mrs. Coombs.

The General addressed 41 meetings. Some idea of the importance of these gatherings may be obtained from the fact that they were attended by 50,600 persons, including the most influential personages in the Dominion. This campaign, by such a world-figure as the General, has involved the most complex duties, such as running to time, arrangements for the press, accommodating the crowds, bringing 600 officers from all parts of the Territory, and a thousand other things, and it is a striking tribute to the genius for detail and capacity for organization possessed by Canada's Commissioner that the whole campaign has been concluded without a hitch so far as the Salvation Army is concerned. Incidentally this speaks well also for the officers who carried out his plans.

The following incident is told of Commander Eva Booth. It is delightfully characteristic of her ready wit and kindliness.—

"Incidentally, the Commander saved the life of a child while waiting for a train at one of the railway stations. The child in question was supposed to be asleep, and attention was directed to it by the horrified scream of the mother. To all appearance it had died in her arms.

"Lieut.-Colonel Wm. A. McIntyre, who was standing close by, immediately 'phoned for a doctor and handed the insensible child to the Commander. In fondling the child in her arms, the Commander observed that there was life in the little body, and also that a handkerchief had been tied so tightly round its neck that the child could not breathe.

"The fun was untied without delay, and the Commander had the joy of seeing the child regain consciousness, and of handing it back alive and well to the overjoyed parents."

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, of the rubicund countenance and genial smile, entered the Editorial sanctum a few days ago. He had been on the warpath since the General left Ottawa, had visited thirteen corps, and had arranged for the opening of Cobalt. By this time Capt. Meader and Lieut. Thompson will be dealing out salvation without money and without price in the store which has been secured to serve as a hall.

Lieut.-Colonel Bates, the International Auditor, who came out in the Vancouver, has proceeded to Jamaica to confer with Colonel Lindsay on important Salvation Army matters. With respect to his cruise in the Vancouver, the Colonel says:—

"With the exception of two days, the weather was against us the whole time. From the Irish Coast till we were almost within sight of Canada, we were steaming in a succession of Equinoctial gales, with the result that all were heartily glad to reach land.

"In spite of many unavoidable discomforts, the passengers maintained a pleasingly patient and good-tempered attitude, and were not slow to assist each other wherever possible, thus making life on board happier than it otherwise would have been.

"The meetings, which were sometimes held in very difficult circumstances, were well attended by all classes, and undivided attention given on each occasion.

"This is the first time it has been my privilege to accompany a party of Salvation Army emigrants across the Atlantic, but with my knowledge of other ship's passengers, I venture to think none more worthy of a welcome from the Dominion have ever landed on its happy shores."

Lieut.-Col. Francis Pearce, late Chief Secretary of South Africa, has been appointed Provincial Officer of the Irish Province. This comrade has seen service in South Africa and Australia. He succeeds Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Rowe, who takes an important position at the National Headquarters in London.

A Winnipeg Wedding.

Ensign Habkirk United to Captain Keeler—"Heck" Took It Seriously.

Ensign Hector Habkirk.

A N event of considerable interest to the people of Winnipeg took place on Thursday, March 28th, in the citadel of No. 1. corps, when Capt. B. F. Keeler was united in matrimony to Ensign Hector Habkirk.

The large hall was filled with an interested crowd of friends, who heartily greeted the bridal party.

Brigadier Burditt, who was conducting the ceremony, called on several officers to give the contracting parties a few words of advice, and in response to his call Mrs. Major Creighton, Staff-Capt. Taylor, and Adjt. Dan said what they considered to be some wise things.

Mrs. Creighton had a special interest in the event, as Ensign Habkirk was converted during her stay in Winnipeg. She spoke with all the authority and love befitting a spiritual mother. Staff-Capt. Taylor laid special stress on some advice given to him by his grandfather on the occasion of his own marriage. "Be sure you don't both get mad at the same time," counselled the old gentleman, and certainly worse advice has been given than that.

The ceremony passed off smoothly, although the bridegroom was heard to say later he was troubled lest he should drop the ring.

Mrs. Habkirk, the bride, sang one of her favorite solos, and Ensign Habkirk treated the single folks, whose ranks he had just left, to some wise counsel.

It was fitting that Mother Habkirk should have a few words. She informed us that seeing a bare spot appearing on the Ensign's head, she had laughingly suggested that he ought to get married, but "Heck" had apparently taken it seriously.

With the good old flag waving over them, and with heads bowed, the happy couple were very solemnly dedicated to God.

Perhaps some of the evening's proceedings may fade away from the memory of our dear comrades, but the earnest, loving, and solemn appeal to God for His counsel, guidance, and protection that welled out of the Brigadier's heart will surely linger long in their minds, and journey with them till they reach the Eternal Home.

God drew very near, and when at last the benediction was pronounced each one felt that they had been in the Divine presence.

Ensign and Mrs. Habkirk proceed to Wetaskiwin, where they will spend their honeymoon fighting for God and souls.

Mrs. Habkirk—nee Capt. Keeler.

Our old comrade, Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, who has been staying for a short time in New York after his visit to Jamaica, met with an unpleasant experience. Just a few hours before sailing for England a thief broke into his room during his absence and stole all his belongings, including valuable papers and the few little remembrances that he had purchased for his wife and children. We deeply sympathize with the Colonel in this serious loss.

QUARTETTE WAS A BLESSING.

A good week-end was spent at Galt. We had a quartette from Toronto with us, and they proved a great blessing. On Easter Sunday morning the band turned out and marched around the town playing suitable music. The hall was packed at night, and two came to the cross during the day.

On Thursday four were enrolled and two more made a full surrender to God.—Maurice A. W. Mitchell, Lieut.

Pioneer Work in Mi...

People Who Are Moral-less.

A most interesting letter has come to hand from Mrs. Colonel Peyron, who is working in Italy, says Mrs. Booth in her Personal Notes in the current Deliverer. She has herself been doing some pioneer visiting in the city of Milan, and has been much struck by the way in which the most abandoned characters have welcomed her because of "Esercito della Salvezza." She has been able to enter houses of the very worst reputation, and where, in response to her inquiry, "Do the police come sometimes?" the reply of the inmates, accompanied by a peal of laughter, was embodied in the words, "They would not dare!" Mrs. Peyron writes: "I found a community born and bred in vice and crime. I do not call them immoral, for they do not know right and wrong; they are moral-less!" A poor outcast woman, with whom she made friends, told her frankly that she asked the Madonna to prosper her when she sallied forth in the evening.

The Great Pie Eater.

A wager was once made by a notorious drunkard and glutton that he could eat a fourteen-pound pie of beef and potatoes at one meal. The offer was taken up, and a large pie made of the stated weight. The man then sat down to it and commenced his task, the gamblers looking on in amusement to see how the thing would end. Some wished he would choke, others thought he would never do it; but he finished the pie, won his wager, and then freely spent the money in drink.

One night this champion pie-eater called in at a saloon and called for a drink just as the Army went by the place.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Oh," said the saloon keeper, "it's the Salvation Army."

"Then I'm off," said the man, and leaving his beer he ran outside in his rags and joined in the march.

One of the Sergeants got hold of him and marched him off to the hall, where he was given a front seat.

Before the meeting closed he was at the mercy seat seeking pardon for his sins. He got gloriously saved, and is now a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and thanks God for sparing his life whilst performing such ridiculous feats.—J. Irons.

The Drunken Drummer.

Brother Mason, our correspondent at Ottawa, recently sent us a few items for the Cry, of which the following is one:—

"Our traveling man, who early in the year was saved from drink, came back to see us again last week, and reported victory in his soul. He also related some of his experiences in looking for the Salvation Army in other places. He said he would like to buy our penitent form to take to his home, so that it would serve as a continual reminder of the night he knelt at the cross and the burden of his sins rolled away.

"He was first convinced that there was salvation for him through hearing one of our soldiers give a testimony in the open-air. He was drunk at the time, and this brother said that he had proved that Jesus Christ is able to save a man from the very desire for drink.

"This encouraged the poor drunkard, and he sought and found the same deliverance."

The Soc... Annive...

IN THE

MASSEY H...

The Hon. W. J. Hanna... Secretary, will Pre... Chester D. Masse... will Present th... struments to... Staff Band...

COMMISSIONER A... COOMBS WILL ...

The Social Anniversa... be held in the Massey H... presidency of the Hon. ... Provincial Secretary, p... of an exceptionally int... actor. We write in ad... the time of going to p... features have thus been ...

A great musical serv... all the city bands, mu... ion bandsmen, will be ... to 8 p.m. A very fine ... been prepared, and the ... will be under the direc... Morris, the Territorial ... master.

The Commissioner wil... dress on the year's work ... with the operations of th... direction of Social Refo... speak a great treat for t... be at the Massey Hall o... 16th, as the subject is ... the Commissioner's full ... and with which he is ful...

We venture to say th... pieces of the Army's ... Canada with which the ... more hearty sympathy ... lifting of young wom... stumbled on life's trea... way. The Women's So... this Territory is making ... gress under the direc... Coombs, and we have ... in informing our reade... Coombs will present ... speak on the Women's ...

The Staff Band, whic... last few months has, du... tide hour, been filling ... precincts of the Territo... ters with melody, will ... Hall be officially starte... hour will be a long o... blessing. Chester D. ... will present the instru... band, after which they ... selections.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmir... the Men's Social Work, ... Howell will give an a... Immigration Work of th... will also be limelight ... General during his C... pairs. Altogether a u... soul-inspiring meeting ... decided, and we hope ... report in our next issu...

Four officers have ... welled for Java and had ... off from Amsterdam. ... meetings were attend... crowds. The above ... names are Ensign and ... and Lieuts. Van Lemei... —will be joined on t... Ensign and Mrs. Beel... Abel, three comrades fr... Field.

The Social Anniversary

IN THE

MASSEY HALL.

The Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary, will Preside, and Chester D. Massey, Esq., will Present the Instruments to the Staff Band.

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS WILL SPEAK.

The Social Anniversary Meeting to be held in the Massey Hall, under the presidency of the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary, promises to be of an exceptionally interesting character. We write in advance, but at the time of going to press the main features have thus been decided on.

* *

A great musical service, in which all the city bands, numbering some 150 bandsmen, will be held from 7.15 to 8 p.m. A very fine program has been prepared, and the massed bands will be under the direction of Major Morris, the Territorial Staff Bandmaster.

* *

The Commissioner will give an address on the year's work in connection with the operations of the Army in the direction of Social Reforms. We bespeak a great treat for those who will be at the Massey Hall on Tuesday, the 16th, as the subject is one which has the Commissioner's fullest sympathy, and with which he is fully acquainted.

* *

We venture to say that there is no phase of the Army's operations in Canada with which the public is in more hearty sympathy than the uplifting of young women who have stumbled on life's treacherous pathway. The Women's Social Work in this Territory is making splendid progress under the direction of Mrs. Coombs, and we have great pleasure in informing our readers that Mrs. Coombs will present a report and speak on the Women's Social Work.

* *

The Staff Band, which during the last few months has, during the noontide hour, been filling the air in the precincts of the Territorial Headquarters with melody, will at the Massey Hall be officially started on what we hope will be a long career of great blessing. Chester D. Massey, Esq., will present the instruments to the band, after which they will play some selections.

* *

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will speak on the Men's Social Work, and Brigadier Howell will give an address on the Immigration Work of the Army. There will also be limelight views of the General during his Canadian Campaign. Altogether a most enjoyable, soul-inspiring meeting will be conducted, and we hope to have a full report in our next issue.

Four officers have recently farewelled for Java and had a hearty send-off from Amsterdam. The farewell meetings were attended by large crowds. The above officers—whose names are Ensign and Mrs. de Pree, and Lieuts. Van Lemel and de Konter—will be joined on the journey by Ensign and Mrs. Becker and Lieut. Abel, three comrades from the German Field.

The Salvation Army Loses Two Friends.

MR. ALFRED HOSKIN, K.C., ONE OF THE ARMY'S SOLICITORS —HON. J. W. ST. JOHN, SPEAKER ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Touching Tributes by the Commissioner.

ANOTHER true friend of the Salvation Army has fallen. I refer to Alfred Hoskin, K.C., the senior member of the Army's firm of solicitors and legal advisers in this Territory, who died on April 5th, at Deer Park. From away back in our early days, when the opposition was most keen and the strife bitter, until these days, when the Salvation Army is everywhere acclaimed as a mighty power for good in the land, Alfred Hoskin has been unswerving in his love for and devotion to our cause. The same true note was struck in the days away back as it was when a few days ago he expressed to me his complete confidence in our work and his belief in the future of our great organization. Quiet and retiring in manner, yet a clever and far-seeing lawyer, a man of sterling integrity, he stood among big fellows for all that was high and noble in business life. His devotion to his church and Christian work was noted by all who knew him.

The Late Mr. St. John.

He was a man of peace, believing in that old Scriptural injunction, wherever it was at all possible, "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him."

He had looked forward to meeting our dear General on his recent visit, and it was with deep regret that the General heard of his sickness. He sent a message of sympathy, and expressed his sincere hope that he might recover. The last matter upon which he was consulted, and in which he gave assistance for our Army, was of the utmost importance, and the days to come will reveal not only its true value but also the wonderful foresight both he and his law partner had of the vital things that affect the Army.

To the widow and his family, who mourn his departure from this life, the Salvation Army offers its sincere sympathy. The loss to them cannot be measured. Let us pray that God may comfort their hearts, and give them to realize in a very special sense that He is their refuge, and that underneath are the Everlasting Arms. How true it is that here we have no abiding city. To the Salvation Army his death should be as a trumpet call to work while it is called day, ever remembering that the night cometh.

MR. ST. JOHN.

The ink had scarcely dried upon the paper on which I had penned a message to the War Cry concerning the death of Mr. Hoskin, when the news reached me of the death of another sincere friend of our Army, the Speaker of the Legislature of Ontario.

One cannot realize he has gone; and yet, so it is. How well I remember the last few occasions on which I met him. The first of which was when he presided at my meeting at Toronto Junction, and gave utterance to the deep feelings of his heart in connection with the work of the Salvation Army, and also gave every evidence of his deep interest in spiritual as well as social affairs. My heart was drawn out to him in a strange manner. I felt that in this man of noble form and big heart I had met one whose spirit was aflame with like passions to my own and that he, too, stood for God and humanity.

The next occasion was when I went to the Parliament Buildings on some business. I had occasion to go into the House. Speaker St. John was just entering to take the chair. I heard him pray. It was a beautiful prayer, full of soul and feeling, void of form and ceremony—an extempore prayer—and it made a deep impression upon me. I went away feeling glad that in that House, on every day on which it sat, there was a witness for God, and that a voice was heard lifting up to Heaven these legislators, and, in fact, bringing the whole province and country to the Throne of Grace.

The last occasion was when he vacated his chair and adjourned the House in order that our dear General might meet the Ontario Cabinet and speak to the members of the House. A fine, noble man, with a big, generous heart, making way for our grand old prophet, who stood in the same spot delivering from the unfathomable depths of his compassionate heart his message to the company over which Speaker St. John regularly presided. The General will receive the news of his death with great regret, and yet, what a lesson it is to us, and how readily the words have come to me in these days, "Be ye also ready." Speaker St. John was ready. A gentleman gripped my hand on the train—a man right in the business world—and speaking of the death of Mr. St. John, said, "I feel as though I have lost everything. He did my business. I can scarcely realize he is gone. One thing I do know, he was a good man."

The world has too few good men in it, and in the death of the Speaker of the Ontario Legislature this young nation has had a great loss. God grant that there may rise up in his place, and all over this Province, men to stand for right and righteousness, whose lives shall be an influence wherever they go and a power for God in the land. A great and good man has fallen, but we are left behind to fight. Taking up the words of the Salvation song—

"We are in the Army,
And will not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host."

It is for us to fill up the measure of our days in devoted toil and sacrifice, and to do all in our power to help to so mould this new nation that it shall be a praise in the earth and in the front rank for God and good always.

Glance at the World.

CANADIAN.

Calgary expects soon to have street cars.

The Gananoque Inn, a summer hotel, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $60,000.

The Lumber Carriers' Association on the Great Lakes has decided on an increase of rates.

The Dominion Government is promising special aid to the new industry of electric smelting.

The engineering building at McGill University, Montreal, was burned, causing a loss of $750,000.

The Dominion Government is proposing to vote $5,000 towards Dr. Grenfell's experiment of introducing reindeer into Labrador.

Residents of New Ontario are agitating to form a new Province of the stretch of territory lying between Algoma and Manitoba.

A Brantford bar-tender was fined for selling liquor to two youths under age and two girls under fifteen years, who were caught drinking together in the place.

A reduction of $14,486,136 in the public debt and an increase of $2,782,-838 in the revenue are the features of the financial statement for the nine months ended March 31st.

FOREIGN.

Mr. James J. Hill has resigned the Presidency of the Great Northern Railway.

Los Angeles City Council is going to pass a law to prohibit race track gambling.

The British Government has started a campaign against the overcrowding of cars.

The proposal to run a tunnel beneath the Behring Straits has been vetoed by the Russian Government.

Pirates and desperadoes are said to be masters of the situation at Shanghai, and the Europeans are in terror.

Commander Peary expects to start on his coming Polar expedition about the end of June, and says he expects to reach the Pole next year.

Liang Hing Kwei, a noted educational authority, is coming to study the educational condition of Chinese children in the United States.

Britain has officially requested Russia to have the question of the limitation of national armaments included in The Hague Conference programme.

The White Star Liner Suevic, which grounded near The Lizard, on March 17th, has been blown in two by dynamite and her stern part towed into port.

Dr. Kochler, of Wiesbaden, has invented an apparatus for photographing the breath. It is expected that it will be of great value in diagnosing lung diseases.

British justice among dependent people has just been shown in Mombasa, East Central Africa, by the fining and imprisonment of several prominent Europeans who have been guilty of flogging natives.

A skeleton chained to a wall has been found in a secret cell by workmen engaged in renovating the Engineer's Palace in St. Petersburg. It was in this palace that the Emperor Paul was murdered in 1801.

The Uruguay, the Antarctic steamer from Argentina, has arrived at the South Orkneys, in 60 degrees south latitude south-east of the extreme end of South America, after a severe fight with icebergs and ice floes.

THE WAR CRY.

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All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

GAZETTE.

Appointments—

ENSIGN HUDSON to Halifax I.

ADJT. SPARKS to Charlottetown, P.E.I.

ADJT. ORCHARD to Springhill.

ENSIGN MARTIN to Woodstock, N.B.

ENSIGN PYNN to Campbellton, N.B.

ADJT. CARTER to St. John, N.B., P. H. Q.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Comments on Current Matters.

BRITAIN'S SELF-DENIAL.

Elsewhere on this page we give the extraordinary total which has resulted from the Self-Denial effort of the British Territory. $363,265 is a great sum to raise through personal self-denial and self-sacrificing efforts in collecting, and we think the British comrades are to be most warmly congratulated on this achievement. We also think this sum shows how the great heart of the British public beats true to the Salvation Army, and is an example in this respect to Canada; not that the Army in this country has any cause to be dissatisfied with the attitude of the public mind. As a matter of fact public sympathy with and admiration for the Salvation Army could hardly be more cordially manifested than it has been during the past few weeks, which augurs well for the Self-Denial effort which will take place from May 4th to 11th

JOHN BURNS ON EMIGRATION.

One by one former opponents of emigration in the Old Land are changing their view-points. Perhaps few men in a prominent position have held more pessimistic views concerning the schemes of relief organized for the poor than the Right Hon. John Burns; but even that statesman has come round to have a good word to say for emigration. Speaking in the House of Commons he said that there were certain districts where the only remedy was emigration. If men were sent to a place like Canada they run themselves away- morally, physically, and industrially—from their environment and put themselves on a new plane of life. There is more in this than meets the eye. It would be a good thing if the truth of it were taken to heart by this country. Canada, naturally enough, does not desire to have people with a past, and the Salvation Army, in its process of selection of emigrants, keeps this fact ever before it. But is there no hope of a new life in a new land? Is a man, because he has sinned once, twice, or thrice, to be debarred from ever leaving an environment conducive to wrong-doing and putting himself on "a new plane" favorable to an honest, healthy, hard-working life? In the well-deserved popularity which Canada now enjoys, there is a danger of cutting out the "other fellow's" chances.

GREAT BRITISH SELF-DENIAL VICTORY.

$363,265 Raised. All Records Broken.

Canadians, your turn is coming. From May 4th to May 11th is the Week of Self-Denial in Canada and Newfoundland. Let us follow the lead of the Motherland.

The Chief of the Staff and the comrades of the British Field are to be heartily congratulated on the extraordinary success that has attended their Self-Denial effort.

Mr. Bramwell Booth, in announcing the S.-D. totals to the British comrades, says:—

"By God's blessing on your splendid struggle I am able to-day to announce one of the most notable successes the Salvation Army has ever had to record in the United Kingdom.

"The money result of the Self-Denial Week just concluded amounts to £72,653, a slight advance on the grand figures of 1906, which, as you know, was in many ways quite an exceptional year. It is the highest sum we have ever reached, and when we take into account the fact that the new special Corps Building Fund has raised from local sources during the last year nearly £23,000, it represents one of the grandest financial victories God has yet been pleased to grant us. To Him we give all the glory."

The General cabling from Winnipeg said:—

"My Comrades,—Remembering your splendid effort for new buildings, I consider the Self-Denial result magnificent.

"I congratulate you.

"Your offering must be acceptable to God as it is delightful and encouraging to your General.

"Everlasting gratitude. WILLIAM BOOTH.

All Canadian comrades will, we are sure, join in heartiest congratulations and should feel greatly encouraged by this victory to attempt and win a glorious Self-Denial victory in the Dominion from May 4th to 11th.

The British Self-Denial total is $470 in excess of last year.

POLICEWOMEN.

Belgium is in for an innovation nothing less this time than policewomen. It is proposed to begin with twelve policewomen, who will be between the ages of forty and fifty, it being considered that at that age they will have gained sufficient experience of life and human nature to render them suitable for the post. They must be unmarried or childless widows. They will not be uniformed, but will be provided with the necessary credentials to ensure their entrance anywhere at any time. They will be attached to the administrative or preventive section of the force, whose duty it is to keep a watchful eye on the population and warn those likely to incur prosecution. It is believed that women have special gifts for such work and that they may be greatly instrumental in preventing crime, and we must say that the proposal to us holds out great promise. The experiment will be watched with interest.

BRITISH JUSTICE.

"Mombasa, East Africa.—The recent flogging of natives by Europeans at Nairobi for insulting white women has been followed by the prosecution of those accused of the flogging, and those who abbetted them. As a result, the President of the Colonists Association has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment and to pay a fine of 500 rupees. Two other prominent colonists have each been sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment and fined 250 rupees. Two of their abbettors, who are also prominent, were sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment."

We read the above with very great satisfaction. British justice is a very real thing, and those who have upheld the law in the manner described in the above cutting deserve the thanks of the whole civilized world. Lynch law is not likely to take root and flourish where such administrators hold sway, and the black man will feel safe where the Union Jack waves.

Surprise Party in Bermuda.

The sisters of the Hamilton corps, Bermuda, do not tell all they know (not until they are ready, at any rate) is the conclusion we came to after a recent Thursday night. The sound of female voices singing "Bringing in the sheaves" as a host came marching up to the quarters, informed us that the place was being "taken by storm." Baskets and parcels of every description were brought along, and all our humble servant, Mrs. Trickey and Lieut. Rowe could do was gasp with astonishment. When we all regained our equilibrium the ladies were invited in, and not many inches space were left when they stepped in. The leader of the party, Sergt. Mrs. Cox, called upon Sergt.-Major Emily White to read an address, to which response was made, and then came a solo from Mrs. Trickey, who also thanked the ladies for their very kind interest in our welfare. It just happened that the band boys were present for a little tea at the quarters, so with their presence we were doubly blessed. God bless the braves of Hamilton, Ber. They know how to make you feel "at home."—N. R. Trickey, Ensign.

A Special Soul-Saving Campaign is in full swing in South India, and over 400 souls have knelt at the mercy seat during the last six weeks.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF IN DENMARK.

Stirring Officers' Councils—Six Busy and Inspiring Days.

Although only away from London for less than six days, the Chief of the Staff crowded just about as much work as anyone possible could into that portion of a recent week which was consecrated to the interests of Denmark. Three days and nights of that time were, of necessity, occupied with the outward and homeward journeys—that is to say, they were incidentally occupied, for the Chief was nearly if not quite, as much engaged in affairs as though he were in his office at I. H. Q.

It was especially in the interests of the officers that the visit was arranged, and the Chief laid himself out to bless, help, and instruct them from within a few minutes of his arrival in Copenhagen, when the first meeting began, until the close of the campaign.

All told, we now have 250 officers and Cadets in Denmark, and with the exception of about half a dozen, who were prevented by sickness, these were all present.

As for the Chief, what he said, what he did, and how he looked, all who know what he is in such meetings as these will understand me if I say that he was at his best.

Fraught with Cheer.

To the oldest Staff Officer and to the youngest Lieutenant alike the Council was fraught with cheer, inspiration, and teaching. The warmth, too, of the whole proceedings was very pronounced—we were all made to feel as well as to see what our duty as Salvation Army officers is.

An interesting announcement made by the Chief in one of the "side" meetings—a tea with the Staff—was the appointment of Brigadier Carl Thykjaer to be Chief Secretary for the Territory. Both the Brigadier and his wife are Danes. They have done long and good service as officers—all their career having been spent in Denmark—and God has given them the honor and joy of seeing both their children (sons) become Field Officers

In spite of the rush of the meetings and the thought required in-between-times for the consideration of affairs with Acting-Commissioner Sowton, the Chief found time—I ought to say, made time—to inspect our principal Social properties and throw out all sorts of suggestions for the improvement and extension of that side of our operations—operations growing in importance every day.

Reclaiming Backsliders.

Captain Smith and Lieut. Coleman have returned to Dauphin. On Wednesday Capt. Willey favored us with a visit, also Bro. Trout, from Saskatoon, and the evening spent in the interests of God's Kingdom was a profitable one. The same evening, shortly after the prayer meeting a lady dropped into the barracks and requested the officers to come and pray with her son, who was a backslider and lying in bed very ill. The two Captains went to his home, and before the next day was begun both he and his wife got gloriously saved. The next evening another backslider was reclaimed. This makes three souls for the week-end.

Sergt. Gray spent Sunday with us on her way to Saskatoon, where she goes to assist Capt. Pearce.—Thos. E. Steckley.

The General at Vancouver and Seattle.

A GLORIOUS CONCLUSION TO A TRIUMPHANT CAMPAIGN.

Good Friday at Vancouver.

Two Great Meetings in the St. Andrews Presbyterian Church—Mayoral Eulogies and Souls in the Fountain.

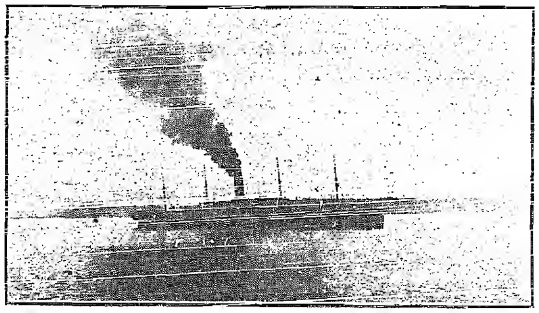
By Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

EN ROUTE to the Far West the General spoke to large crowds on the station platform at Regina, Medicine Hat, and Calgary, much to the delight of those who had gathered to see the Grand Old Founder of the Army. At Regina and Medicine Hat the citizens were represented by the Mayor of each city, while at the latter-mentioned place His Worship presented a cheque of $100, which the Commissioner was pleased to place to the credit of the General's Japanese Campaign.

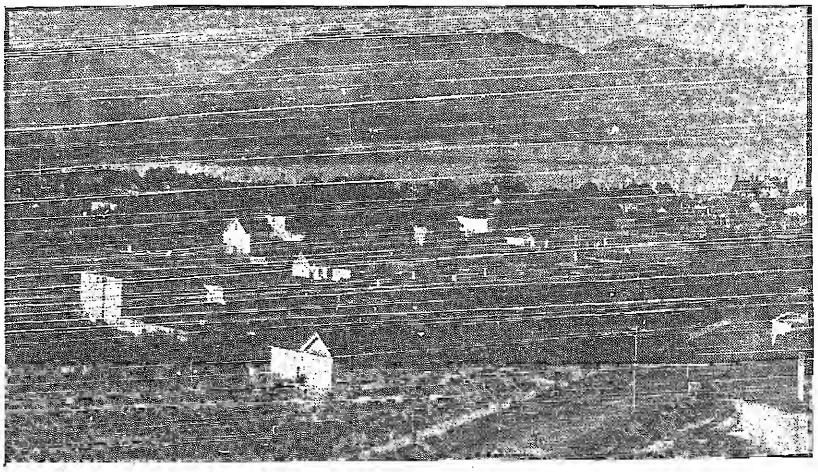
At Vancouver the citizens were sorely disappointed. Great preparations had been made to give the General such a reception as to ensure him that Vancouver would not be behind other cities in giving him a welcome. But, alas! the train which was due to arrive at noon on Thursday unfortunately did not reach Vancouver until mid-night, too late for any meeting to be held. Salvationists whosewere moving up and down the city had difficulty in making any progress, as they were constantly stopped and asked, "What about the General's train?" All that day Brigadier Sweeten and the writer were kept busy making arrangements for the postponement of the lecture to be given the following night (Good Friday). We found the editors of the press most obliging, readily agreeing to devote a portion of the front page of their newspapers to announce the change of program.

Mayor Bethune and several members of the Council received the General at 9.30 on Good Friday morning. As our beloved leader, accompanied by Commissioner Coombs, stepped off the car he was hailed with cheers by crowds of Salvationists and friends who had gathered. The Mayor very generously gave the General and his visiting Staff the freedom of the city, and placed several automobiles at their disposal.

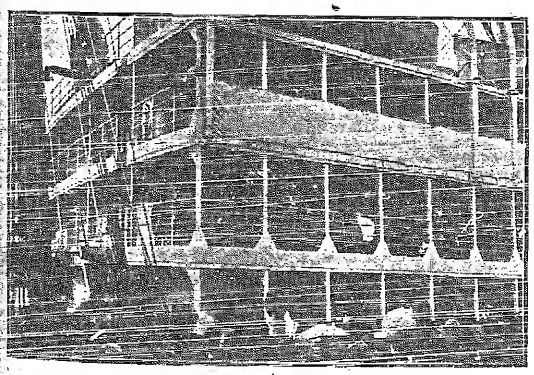
When the General stepped into St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church (Rev. Mr. Wilson) for the afternoon meeting he was greeted with a full house, which gave him a welcome that could scarcely be beaten. The church is the largest in the city, accommodating 1,500 people. This was inadequate to accommodate the crowds, hundreds upon hundreds being turned disappointed away, and to handle these several police officers were requisitioned.



The Minnesota in Midstream.



A View of Vancouver City.



The General on Board.

The General may be observed standing at the corner of the middle deck.

It is nearly eight years since the General visited this enterprising city, and he expressed his pleasure at being back in their midst once more.

"Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain, cleansing for me," was a fitting song to commence with, and was sung heartily by the vast audience, the General himself lining out each verse. Brigadier Howell poured out his heart to God in earnest prayer that pulled the blessing down, after which the writer sang, "Thou faithful sinner's friend."

At 3.15 p.m. the General was on his feet, "A Glad Salvation" his theme. As he proceeded it was plainly manifest that his words had taken effect upon his audience, many wincing under the truth. At the conclusion of this soul-stirring address the Commissioner took hold, and a remarkable prayer meeting followed. At first they showed a stubborn resistance to the working of the Spirit of God, but faith and prayer, with some desperation thrown in, gained the victory. From all parts of the church penitents came—some for the pardoning of their sins and others confessing unfaithfulness and disobedience, pledging afresh their lives to His service.

The Night Meeting.

Long before the hour the building was crowded to hear the General tell "The Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."

Inside, a platform of some of the leading citizens waited to greet him before he went to the platform. Promptly to time Commissioner Coombs lined out "When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died." Mayor Bethune presided. He was delighted, as the chief citizen of Vancouver, to occupy such an exalted position. He endorsed the Army's methods of saving and helping the masses, and eulogized its grand old General.

Our leader was very wearied with long traveling and heavy meetings, but he rose splendidly to the occasion, and for more than an hour held the audience at it were breathless, except at intervals, where they burst out with spontaneous applause. As a master musician plays at will upon the keys of his instrument, over which he has the most perfect control, so the General played upon the minds of his hearers. We are confident if any person entered that assembly prejudiced, this was swept away before the conclusion of this most masterly, convincing, and thrilling address. It was simply magnificent and carried all before it.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper moved a vote of thanks to the General and Dr. Withington seconded the motion. Both gentlemen spoke in eulogistic terms of the Army's founder and of the movement itself, in assuaging the woes and ills of mankind.

Soldiers' Meeting.

The General met the soldiers in the school-room of the church, about two hundred of them. They were delighted at the privilege of having him all to themselves for a little while.

(Continued on page 12.)

The Week-End's Despatches.

This Page Shows What Salvation Can Accomplish.

IF YOU WANT TO FIND AN OLD FRIEND READ THESE REPORTS.

IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Thirty Souls Come to Christ.

Brigadier and Mrs. Turner, assisted by the city officers, conducted a successful meeting at **St. John I.** on Good Friday. The barracks was crowded, and the power of God came down mightily. After some appropriate singing by a few officers, Mrs. Turner spoke some touching words about the suffering Christ on Calvary. The Brigadier then put the question to all, "What shall I do with Jesus?"

The Lord spoke through His servant, and every word seemed like fire and went straight to the hearts of the unconverted. The Spirit of God moved amongst the crowd, convicting of sin and persuading them to surrender, and after a desperate battle thirty souls came forward and wept their way to the Lamb of Calvary.—Capt. Beacroft, for Ensign Cornish.

WESTERN P. O's CAMPAIGN.

116 Souls Saved.

(By Wire.)

Colonel Sharp and Major Rawling, assisted by Ensign Riley and Capt. Ritchie, visited North Bay, Burk's Falls, Parry Sound, Huntsville, Bracebridge, and Orillia during the past week. The work at each place is in a very good condition. Thirty-six souls were saved, making a total of 116 for the fourteen days' campaign in the Dominion. The officers are all in good spirits for a record-breaking Self Denial effort. The Colonel was very pleased with the bright prospects for the work in the northern part of the Division, and feels sure there is a great future for the Army.—Ensign Riley.

UNVEILING THE CROSS.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, accompanied by Major Rawling, Adjt. Hyde, Ensign Riley, and Capt. Ritchie, conducted a meeting at **Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.,** on a recent Monday, and rejoiced to see five souls claim the blessing of a clean heart.

On Friday night we held a meeting entitled "The Unveiling of the Cross."

On Sunday two souls sought salvation in the evening meeting.—M. Murray.

THEY PILED IN NOBLY.

Reflex of Blessings Received.

We have been without officers at **Prince Albert** for two weeks, Adjt. Scott and Lieut. Miley having gone to Winnipeg for the General's meetings. The comrades have piled in nobly, selling War Crys and holding meetings. Several souls have been saved, and the soldiers in helping on the war have proved that "He that watereth others shall be watered also himself." We hope that our beloved officers and the comrades who went with them will come back refreshed both in body and soul, and that we here will get the reflex influence of blessings received. —John H. Wilson.

OUR FIRST ENROLMENT.

We have welcomed Bro. Calvert to **Vancouver II.** He comes to us from Vernon, and will shortly become a soldier. Capt. Gardiner was with us on Sunday afternoon and we had a good time. The first enrolment service of the corps was conducted by Capt. Quaife at night, when Sister Sully became a soldier of the S. A.—Quaife and Adams.

WHAT BECAME OF SMITH?

He Nearly Got into the "Cooler."

The barracks at **Oshawa** has been packed to the doors every Sunday night of late, and souls have been saved each week.

On Thursdays special meetings are conducted and are proving successful. Some of the titles are as follows: "Fifty Valuable Presents Given Away," "What Became of Smith," "A Poetical Night," etc. Brother Turner dressed as a tramp one night and related some of his experiences as a foreman at Hadleigh Colony. As he bounced into the open-air ring a great crowd gathered round and the Chief of Police, hearing that a drunken man was disturbing the Army, hastened to the rescue and catching the amateur tramp by the coat collar was about to walk him off to the "cooler" when the Ensign interceded on his behalf and got him off with a caution. Ensign Baird has been troubled with rheumatism lately, but was out on Sunday, we are glad to say. Capt. Gamble and Bro. Baker, from Toronto, were with us lately and we enjoyed their visit.—Seldom Writes.

TO HELL AND BACK.

And Never Got Singed.

We have opened fire at **Truro, N.S.,** after the small-pox scourge, and God is abundantly blessing our labor. The first week we had the joy of seeing eight souls at the penitent form, including three who had wandered from the fold.

On Sunday, March 29th, the Captain gave a stirring address on "To hell and back without being singed." One soul, who had been an active worker in the north part of the Division, and feels sure there is a great future for the Army.—Ensign Riley.

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THE ALL-ATTRACTIVE THEME.

Some More Songsters.

We have had good Easter meetings at **Barrie.** On Friday night the title of the meeting was "From the Manger to the Cross." The songsters rendered very good service and the meeting was a success.

On Sunday afternoon there was an enrolment of juniors, and the children who have been lately converted were enrolled under the flag. This proved to be very interesting.

On Sunday night the subject was "The Theme of the Cross," Mrs. Adjt. Hoddinott being the speaker.

Monday night was the commissioning of local officers and songsters. The latter are proving a great blessing under the leadership of Bro. Robinson.

Our Easter War Cry order of 300 copies was disposed of by Thursday, and all seemed to be delighted with it.—Corps Correspondent.

FELL INTO A TRAP.

Held on Till Forced to Quit.

Capt. Boynton has had to farewell from **Kinmount** and go on rest, owing to an accident that happened to him one day. While out visiting he fell into an open trap-door, striking his left near the spine, which developed an attack of traumatic pleurisy. He continued doing his duty until forced to quit owing to the pain. The Captain has worked hard in this circle since the Fall and was ever on the move to do his best for God and souls. His hard work won the esteem of the people, and we are sorry to part with him. His farewell words will linger long in our memory. Captain Rutherford is holding on alone in the meantime.—Patsy.

THE ANTI-SUICIDE DRUM.

One More Life Saved.

We had a glorious week-end at **Barrie.** "Shouting Jimmy," from Toronto, was with us and gave his life's experience on Sunday afternoon. Two souls pinned into the fountain at night. One had been a backslider, and said he had determined to put an end to himself, but he heard the dear old Army drum and he came to the hall and got saved instead.—Nellie Pollitt, for Capt. Lugger.

THEY ARE AFTER OTHERS.

During the past three weeks God has been working in our midst at **Bonne Bay,** and we have had the joy of seeing a number of souls seeking salvation. Quite a number of young men have taken a bold stand for Jesus and are very earnest about others who are not yet saved. Many who attend our meetings are deeply convicted. In the holiness meeting on Friday night four young men came out and gave themselves up to God and the Army.—Mrs. Ensign Higdon.

SINFUL LIVES ARE CHANGED.

Our prayers have been answered at **Little Bay Island,** and desperate sinners are being saved. Since last Sunday thirty have come to the cross, some of them having lived sinful lives for over forty years.

A wonderful change has taken place in the corps and we now have a crowded platform, and everything is going with a swing.—S.-M. John Elliott.

Ensign and Mrs. Penn have been welcomed to **Campbellton, N.B.,** and we have had some excellent times. Ensign Sheard had the opportunity of introducing our new officers to the people here, and Capt. Morris also rendered good service in the meeting. We rejoice over seven souls this week. —G. L.

The visit of Capt. Gamble to **Bowmanville** was much enjoyed by all, and we had a rousing time. The attendance was good, and one soul sought the Saviour. He gave a bright, glowing testimony.—Capt. Hibbs and Lieut. Doherty.

WHAT IS A "MUGAPHONE"?

Praying on the Market Square at 6 a.m.

Our "greenhorn's musical" on Thursday at **Brantford** proved very interesting. Ensign Huntingdon introduced a novelty, which he called the "Mugaphone."

On Good Friday we had "One Hour at the Cross." Adjt. Bloss conducted the services assisted by Capt. Wilkes, from the States, and Capts. Carter and Gibbons, from Paris.

The Easter meetings were led by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McLean. We had a prayer meeting in the Market Square at 6 a.m., followed by a march around the town headed by the band. A large crowd gathered for knee-drill in the hall at 7 a.m. "Heart Talks on Holiness," by the Staff-Captain, was much enjoyed. In the afternoon some special Easter selections were introduced by the band, and a stirring salvation meeting was held at night, resulting in two souls seeking the Saviour. We had a hallelujah wind-up.—Walter Godden, for Adjt. Bloss.

THIS LOOKS HEALTHY.

Corps-Cadets as Specials.

The revival is still progressing at **Halifax II.,** and during the past week eighteen souls have been forward for salvation and sanctification.

Easter Sunday was a red-letter day. Sixty seven were present at knee-drill and over fifty were on the march. Two open-airs were held in the afternoon, the Corps-Cadets in special uniform attracting great crowds. At the inside meeting eight soldiers were enrolled.

The barracks was packed to the doors at night and five souls came to the cross.

The income for the day amounted to $25.—Corps Cor., for Capt. and Mrs. Hargreves.

GOD WILL HEAL THEM.

Since Capt. Hebb and Lieut. McKevie took charge of **Westville** four souls have knelt at the mercy seat. On Sunday night the Lieutenant read from God's Word and four accepted Christ as their Saviour. Three were backsliders, but, thank God, He has promised to "heal their backslidings and love them freely."

The sweet singing of our officers attracts large crowds, and our barracks is filled on Sunday nights.—J. J. Hamilton.

HAD AN EYE-OPENER.

We had a good time at **Stratford** during Easter, and God's presence was with us. At 6.30 a.m. on Easter Sunday we met for a sunrise knee-drill (an eye-opener) and it was a good muster. At 7 we went for a good resurrection march round the city, and so started the day in good style. The meetings were well attended, considering the cold weather, and were times of blessing. They were conducted by Ensign Hancock, and his addresses were full of good things for all.—E. G.

THREE HALF-HOURS OF MUSIC.

A very festive season was held at **Vancouver II.** on Friday last, the occasion was a musical and social, and a big crowd at course was the result. For something like three minutes beautiful music was dispensed, and then everyone got busy with the good fare provided by generous friends. Some comrades from the I. corps assisted us. Their presence was noble and we trust they will come again soon.—Quaife and Adams, C.O's.

Capt. Ash has just visited **Bridgetown** and his service entitled "The Soul's Call" was effective. Three good meetings were conducted on Sunday, at which the Captain spoke with great power. We believe much good was done by his visit. The collections were above the average and although we had a good time.—Lieut. Clarke.

Capt. Richards has farewelled from **Vernon, B.C.,** and Lieut. [illegible] continue the meetings until officers arrive.—Eugenie [illegible].

TEMPLE SOLDIERS HEARTILY WELCOME NEW LEADERS.

Adjt. and Mrs. Howell received their first public welcome to the **Temple** corps on Thursday night, March 21st. Amongst those called upon to give expression to the sentiments of the soldiery were Treas. Mrs. Symington, J. S., S.-M. Lang, P. S.-M. Rice, and the Bandmaster. They one and all voiced the good wishes and hearty desires of the members of the corps to co-operate with their new leaders in extending the work of Christ in all its branches. The Adjutant thanked them all for their kind words of welcome, and stated that he recognized the greatness of the opportunity before him and would do his best to rise to it. He immediately went on with a stirring salvation address, aimed at the hearts of the sinners, which resulted in several surrendering to Christ. The week-end meetings were blessed of God. Six souls came forward at the close of the Sunday night meeting, making a total of twenty-two since Adjt. Howell took charge.

SOLD 400 CRYS.

Whilst the officers of **Sherbrooke** were away at councils the soldiers took hold with a will, and under the leadership of the Sergeant-Major, kept up some good meetings. The attendance and finances were very good. Lieut. Hedberg is now back again and is fighting well. He sold 400 Easter War Crys, the largest number ever disposed of in this town. Quartermaster Fraser, of Montreal, was with us for the week-end and two souls sought sanctification. Capt. Dunlop is expected here shortly.—Corps Cor.

OLD AND YOUNG SEEK MERCY.

Easter Sunday was a day of great blessing at **Halifax I.** One dear old man found God at a meeting in the Shelter, and two sought to be fully cleansed in the holiness meeting. We rejoiced much to see an old man of sixty and a little boy of ten kneeling side by side seeking pardon. Since our last report seven have come to the Saviour.

Ensign and Mrs. Hudson and Lieut. Rogers are stationed here at present. —J. M. P.

THREE TURN FROM SIN.

A meeting was held at the Men's Metropole, Toronto, on Wednesday night by Capt. Smith and Lieut. Clarke. After several testimonies had been given the Captain spoke from the Scriptures, and the words went home to the hearts of many. Three found Christ as their Saviour as a result of the meeting.—John Portway.

PUZZLE—WHICH END?

God has wonderfully blessed us at this end. Amidst storms of snow and with the streets blocked we have felt his presence very near. On Sunday we got greatly encouraged at knee-drill, and at the close of the day rejoiced over one soul in the fountain. —N. C., Lieut.

(This correspondent forgot to state the name of the corps, but no doubt he will recognize his report.)

SAVED AT BAND CONCERT.

The **St. Catharines** band gave a concert on Easter Monday, which proved to be a real musical treat. At its close one poor man, who had fallen through drink, came to Jesus for pardon and got gloriously saved.

Our new officers have been duly welcomed and already are planning great things.—C. M. D., Corps Cor.

MAKING THINGS LIVELY.

Staff-Capt. Moore and Capt. Sparks, from T. H. Q., were at **Montreal V.** on Sunday, and some good, lively meetings were conducted. We had the joy of seeing three souls seeking salvation in the afternoon, and six at night.—F. Fraser.

In spite of the cold and snowy weather at **Bonavista** we are still marching on and God is blessing our efforts. March 10th was a day of victory and three souls stepped from darkness into light.—Gertie Burge.

TEMPLE SOLDIERS HEARTILY WELCOME NEW LEADERS.

Adjt. and Mrs. Howell received their first public welcome in the Temple corps on Thursday night, March 21st. Amongst those called upon to give expression to the sentiments of the soldiery were Treas. Mrs. Symington, J. S.-M. Lang, T.-S.-M. Rice, and the Bandmaster. They one and all voiced the good wishes and hearty desires of the members of the corps to co-operate with their new leaders in extending the work of Christ in all its branches. The Adjutant thanked them all for their kind words of welcome, and stated that he recognized the greatness of the opportunity before him and would do his best to rise to it. He immediately went on with a stirring salvation address, aimed at the hearts of the sinners, which resulted in several surrendering to Christ. The week-end meetings were blessed of God. Six souls came forward at the close of the Sunday night meeting, making a total of twenty-two since Adjt. Howell took charge.

SOLD 400 CRYS.

Whilst the officers of Sherbrooke were away on councils the soldiers took hold with a will, and under the leadership of the Sergeant-Major, kept up some good meetings. The attendance and finances were very good. Lieut. Hedberg is now back again and is fighting well. He sold 400 Easter War Crys, the largest number ever disposed of in this town. Quartermaster Fraser, of Montreal, was with us for the week-end and two souls sought sanctification. Capt. Dunlop is expected here shortly.—Corps Cor.

OLD AND YOUNG SEEK MERCY.

Easter Sunday was a day of great blessing at Halifax I. One dear old man found God at a meeting in the Shelter, and two sought to be fully cleansed in the holiness meeting. We rejoiced much to see an old man of sixty and a little boy of ten kneeling side by side seeking pardon. Since our last report seven have come to the Saviour.

Ensign and Mrs. Hudson and Lieut. Rogers are stationed here at present. —J. M. P.

THREE TURN FROM SIN.

A meeting was held at the Men's Metropole, Toronto, on Wednesday night by Capt. Smith and Lieut. Clarke. After several testimonies had been given the Captain spoke from the Scriptures, and the words went home to the hearts of many. Three found Christ as their Saviour as a result of the meeting.—John Portway.

PUZZLE—WHICH END?

God has wonderfully blessed us at this end. Amidst storms of snow and with the streets blocked we have felt his presence very near. On Sunday we got greatly encouraged at knee-drill, and at the close of the day rejoiced over one soul in the fountain. —N. C., Lieut.

(This correspondent forgot to state the name of the corps, but no doubt he will recognize his report.)

SAVED AT BAND CONCERT.

The St. Catharines band gave a concert on Easter Monday, which proved to be a real musical treat. At its close one poor man, who had fallen through drink, came to Jesus for pardon and got gloriously saved.

Our new officers have been duly welcomed and already are planning great things.—C. M. D., Corps Cor.

MAKING THINGS LIVELY.

Staff-Capt. Moore and Capt. Sparks, from T. H. Q., were at Montreal V. on Sunday, and some good, lively meetings were conducted. We had the joy of seeing three souls seeking salvation in the afternoon, and six at night.—F. Fraser.

In spite of the cold and snowy weather at Bonavista we are still marching on and God is blessing our efforts. March 10th was a day of victory and three souls stepped from darkness into light.—Gertie Burge.

NEW ARRIVALS WORKED WELL.

Army Rise and Progress.

Adjt. Bloss led an enthusiastic meeting at Brantford last week-end. A determined effort was made to bring about a spirit of unity, and there was much outward manifestation of the Spirit of God in our midst.

On Sunday afternoon the Adjutant gave an interesting address on "The Rise and Progress of the Salvation Army," which was listened to by an appreciative audience. Envoy Hunter helped to liven things up, while the bandsmen who have recently arrived did their part well.

Bandsman Greenslade farewelled at night for Calgary.

The jail meetings, League of Mercy work and the junior war are progressing.

At the close of the day three souls sought Jesus. On Thursday the meeting was led by Lieuts. Nock and Chivens, who farewelled from us some time ago to take their place as officers in the war. We were delighted to see them back again. One sinner sought salvation.—Band Sergt. Godden.

AN EASTER PARTY.

Three Souls at Udora.

We had two specials from Toronto at Uxbridge to conduct the Easter services, Bros. Walling and Hewitt. They arrived Saturday evening in time for the march and open-air, and were a great help and blessing to us. They are both good speakers and quite musical and we had good meetings all day Sunday. The hall was nicely decorated with pot-plants, kindly loaned for the occasion, and altogether it was a time of rejoicing, with one soul at night seeking pardon. On Monday evening a party of twelve, including the officers, went to Udora to hold a meeting, a little town about eleven miles north of Uxbridge. The people received us gladly. The Oronge Hall was placed at our disposal free of chage, and we had a nice little meeting, with three souls in the fountain, and a hearty invitation to come again soon.—J. H. and W. S.

ALL ROUND THE TOWN.

In spite of the windy and frosty morning, a few brave, fighting soldiers rallied together at an unusual hour on Easter morning, and took a brisk march round half the town of Chesley. The people were compelled to come to their doors and windows to see what had taken place, as the drums and tomhourines went at a tremendous rate. In the afternoon we marched round the other half of the town. The crowds were not as large as we should have liked to see, but God came very near and blessed those that had fought through the day.—Bang Away.

A MAPLE LEAF DRILL.

Capt. Ash was at Freeport for the week-end, and some good meetings were held. Two souls sought Christ.

On Monday a lantern service was given. The hall was filled and everyone enjoyed it. Some music was rendered at the close. Our Easter services went off well, the Maple Leaf Drill being especially worthy of mention. Captain and Treasurer Perry worked well in getting up this meeting.—R. E. B.

WELCOME HOME SOCIAL.

On Monday we held a welcome home social at Nelson, B.C., to Capt. and Mrs. Johnston and Lieut. Wright. Capt. Davidson was also with us and assisted in the meeting. It was a success in every way.

Capt. Moore left on Tuesday for Vancouver to attend the General's Councils. During her stay we have rejoiced in seeing two souls at the cross.—P. F. P., Corps Cor.

BRIGHT AND HAPPY.

A bright, hoppy, spiritual, free-and-easy was held at Dovercourt on Saturday night. It afterwards developed into a powerful prayer meeting winding up at 11 p.m. with six souls at the cross.

Good meetings were held all day on Sunday, led by Ensign and Mrs. Thompson.—War Cor.

A DAY OF VICTORY.

Nine Enrolled, Eight at Mercy Seat, and Two Dedicated.

During the past week the meetings at Winnipeg I. have been led by special officers, and God has blessed their labors with souls every night.

It is worthy of note that on Sunday morning the band turned out to knee-drill. Come again, comrades.

Brigadier Burditt led the holiness meeting on Sunday, and two souls sought the blessing of a clean heart, while one came out for pardon.

Nine soldiers were enrolled in the afternoon and two children dedicated to God and the Army.

At night we had the pleasure of seeing five at the mercy seat.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs have forewelled after twenty-two months' successful warfore, and gone to Calgory, and we have welcomed Adjt. and Mrs. Byers to the corps.—W.G.W.

CAME WHILE THEY WERE TESTIFYING.

The corps at St. John's II., Nfld., is going ahead splendidly under the command of Capt. Palmer. God has been blessing our souls. Some of our comrades said good-bye on Sunday, to proceed to the seal fishery. In the afternoon meeting a man came from the back of the hall while the testimonies were being given, and God saved him.

We were pleased to have Mrs. Adjt. Poyne and Adjt. Beckstead with us for the night meeting. The Spirit of God was poured out upon us, and four souls sought pardon, making six for the week-end.—War Cor.

IT WAS HIS BIRTHDAY.

We had meetings all day on Good Friday at Collingwood, and on Easter Sunday a knee-drill was held at 6 a.m. Sixteen were present, including an old warrior of eighty-six, whose birthday it was. After that we had a half-hour's march round the town. We had good meetings all day, and closed at 10 p.m. with one soul. A cake and coffee social was held on Monday, and we had an enjoyable time. A nice program of music and singing had been arranged, and all was done to the glory of God.—Capt. Nicholson.

ANXIOUS SOUL LED TO CHRIST.

The Soul-Saving Troupe held some grand meetings at Strathroy. One young lady came to the meetings through hearing of their visit, and got quite anxious about her soul. After some personal dealing and prayer she surrendered. Three more also sought salvation. A gentleman came to our meeting one night and left a four-dollar donation.

On Saturday three more souls sought salvation—a mother, son, and daughter claiming the victory.

HAD BEEN A SOLDIER.

A large crowd of soldiers and friends assembled at the Windsor, Ont., barracks to say farewell to Capt. F. Keeler, who has been home on a short furlough. The Captain had been a faithful soldier and Corps-Cadet in days gone by. Tears were in many eyes as with uplifted hands they promised to be true to God. We rejoiced to see two children give their hearts to God. Our prayers follow the Captain in her work for God and souls.

THREW PIPE AWAY.

Fort William is still going ahead and glorious meetings were held on Easter Sunday. God was with us, and at our night meeting two souls came forward and gave themselves to God. After much pleading with God a third brother came out for victory over smoking, and he also found the Saviour, and is determined to throw away the pipe.—Cyril Taylor, for Ensign Crego.

Capt. Hebditch arrived at Norris Arm on the 2nd, and held a meeting that night. The following day one soul sought Christ, and on Monday four more plunged in the fountain. By the eighteenth of the month a total of thirty-three had come to the mercy seat. The Captain then had to farewell for Councils.—W. S. Hayter.

A THRILLING LECTURE.

Take This Pipe Away with You.

Mrs. Major Simcoe, of T. H. Q., accompanied by her son Reggie, visited Guelph for Easter week-end and conducted some stirring and interesting meetings. A musical meeting was held on Saturday night, in which the Major, Reggie, and Bandmaster Dawson took a prominent part.

On Sunday afternoon a large and appreciative audience gathered in the barracks to hear a lecture on the foreign work of the Army. The Major spoke for two hours and the people were spellbound as she spoke of the pioneer work of the Army on the continent and in the Orient.

A red-hot salvation meeting was held at night, and three souls knelt at the mercy seat, including a man and his wife. This man came forword to claim the victory over the tobocco hobit, which was hindering him in his soul. Before the Major left the town he brought her his pipe and tobacco, with a request that she should carry them as far away as possible.

ONLY ONE RIGHT WAY.

Staff-Captain Creighton led the services at Belleville on Sunday, and we had a day of blessing and inspiration. At 6.30 a.m. we had a march. In the afternoon we were treated to a lecture on the Immigration Work, and at night the subject was "Many Ways of Finding Salvation." Two souls sought Christ.

A good many names have lately been put on the recruits' roll, and the soldiers here are in good fighting trim.—M. E. C., for Ensign Coy.

A REAL HALLELUJAH SALVATION

On Sunday we had a soul-stirring time at Picton. Testimonies had the right ring. Some of the comrades danced, some shouted, some wept, some laughed, and altogether we had a most refreshing time. Four precious souls came to Jesus, and have proved that those who come to Him He will in no wise cast out. As soon as the burden of sin rolled off one brother's heart he rose from the mercy seat, and not only told us of his past sinful life, but assured all that he had found the sinner's Saviour, after which he went fishing.—J. A.

A YEAR'S WORK.

Capt. and Mrs. Smith have farewelled from Westville, after a stay of nearly twelve months, during which time about sixty-five souls knelt at the mercy seat, and ten were enrolled as soldiers. We pray that God will be ever near Capt. and Mrs. Smith to bless and cheer them. Capt. Hebb and Lieut. McKervie received a welcome on Thursday. The Sunday meetings were crowded. Bro. Sedaway and his wife have been transferred to our corps.—J. Y. H.

A Creditable Performance.

WHAT A PROBATIONARY CAPTAIN DID.

Commissioner Kilbey has been campaigning in Konsos City and the Twin Territory Divisions of the Mid-Western Province with encouraging results. The principal meetings and the Officers' Councils were held at Wichita, where he had the privilege of opening a fine new building, which is a credit to the Army. The total cost was $17,000, of which $12,000 have already been raised and paid within two years. This is the more remarkable considering that the entire proposition was put through by a Probationary-Captain. This officer was formerly a soldier and Treasurer of the corps, which was generally regarded as a "hard nut." He offered for the work, but, seeing he was married, it was impossible at the time to send him into training. As, however, his home corps was not officered, he was appointed as Probationary-Captain in his own town. He has the profound respect and confidence of his townspeople, as is evidenced by their magnificent generosity in response to his appeal. Commissioner Kilbey's public meetings at Wichita were very successful, there being 100 penitents at the mercy seat.

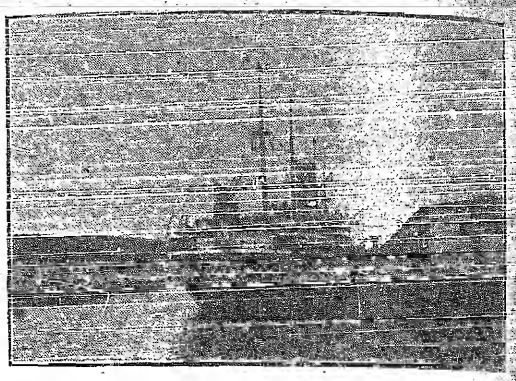
THE GENERAL'S CANADIAN CAMPAIGN CONCLUDED

(Continued from page 9.)

out of his very heart he spoke to them, like a father would talk to his own children. This will be a meeting long to be remembered by the Vancouver soldiery, and we trust they will be better "livers" and more desperate "fighters" in consequence. Before dismissing them they were tenderly committed to the care of their Heavenly Father.

And this was the wind-up of our General's Canadian Campaign, which has been a record-breaker, and left his previous visits far behind. The largest buildings have been filled at every meeting, and thousands upon thousands turned away disappointed. We witnessed wonderful scenes at the mercy seats, the total seekers being 500. Numbers of young men and women gave themselves up for officership.

May God be with the dear General on his way to and in Japan, and bring him safely back again. Long live the General! So says the Commissioner and his Staff.



The Minnesota in Dock, at Seattle

Sunday at Seattle.

The Scene of a Great Victory—State-Governor Mead Eulogises our Leader in a Stirring Speech—The General Embarks on the Minnesota for the Far East.

By Major W. Scott Potter, U.S.A.

After a strenuous and highly successful campaign throughout the Dominion of Canada, and prior to embarking upon the good steamship Minnesota, which, in the providence of God, will bear our dear General to Japan's far off but hospitable shores, he favored Seattle—from which point he sails—with a week-end's visit.

Surely Seattle has been highly favored(and we know of no community that is more capable of appreciating and enthusiastically demonstrating that appreciation than the city upon which the favor has fallen.

The General's first message was to his own people, five hundred of whom assembled to receive his blessing, and hear his counsel on Saturday night, in the First Baptist Church.

What a time of power, glory, and heavenly rapture it proved to be. Aided by the Spirit, the General immediately led his people into avenues of grace, light, and glorious revelation. All were in a receptive mood, and work was done for eternity. Testimony was borne by all present, to the means of grace the meetings were to them. But twenty-two had special occasion to thank God for their soldiers' garbering, for that no her definitely and decidedly reconsecrated themselves or service, in the cause which their General so faithfully represents.

Sunday was purely a Salvation Army day. True, there were many counter-attractions, but the event of the day was the General's presence. In the morning, fully two thousand men and women were congregated to hear him urge them to render a glad service to their God. How searching the talk! How convincing the truth! How powerful the message! The subject was canvassed from all standpoints, and it seemed as though every objection was anticipated and every vestige of excuse wiped out. That audience was left with an unmistakable conception of its relationship with the great I Am. When the General left off, and the prayer meeting commenced, verily the reaping time had come.

Immediately the invitation was extended a young man made his way to the penitent form, amid the hallowed alarms of a praying band. His example was quickly followed by other men and women, and speedily there was a whole row of seekers at the mercy seat. The prayer meeting progressed under holy influences, and helpful song. Sometimes it was Commissioner Coombs who voiced the invitation; then the Western Commissioner, who would effectively plead with the undecided, and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, of Canada, in turn, urged the claims of a loving Saviour. It all proved a combination upon which God was pleased to add His blessing, for when the benediction was pronounced forty men and women passed from the penitent form into the registration room, giving testimony of renewed declarations for God, and service in His cause.

Long before 3 p.m. the Coliseum's four thousand seats were monopolized by an expectant throng that had come to pay homage to our beloved General, and to hear from his own lips the Secret of the Salvation Army's Success. His excellency, the Governor of the State Mr. E. A. Mead—presided over the meeting and presented the General to the cheering congregation, after eulogising and referring to him as one of the world's ablest, best, and noblest characters.

The task imposed upon our leader was nothing short of herculean. The sight was almost awe-inspiring, and certainly never to be forgotten. The vast congregation presented a sea of faces. Upon the high platform towered the figure of the General, while a praying band of happy Salvationists formed a suitable background to the spectacle. In words of burning eloquence the history of the Army was unfolded. The secret of its success was laid bare. There was a conspicuous absence of any attempt to associate with the movement's wonderful progress the General's own efforts; but those accustomed to sizing up such gatherings could read that many present added to the General's own online one more reason for the organization's success, and that was his own wonderful personality.

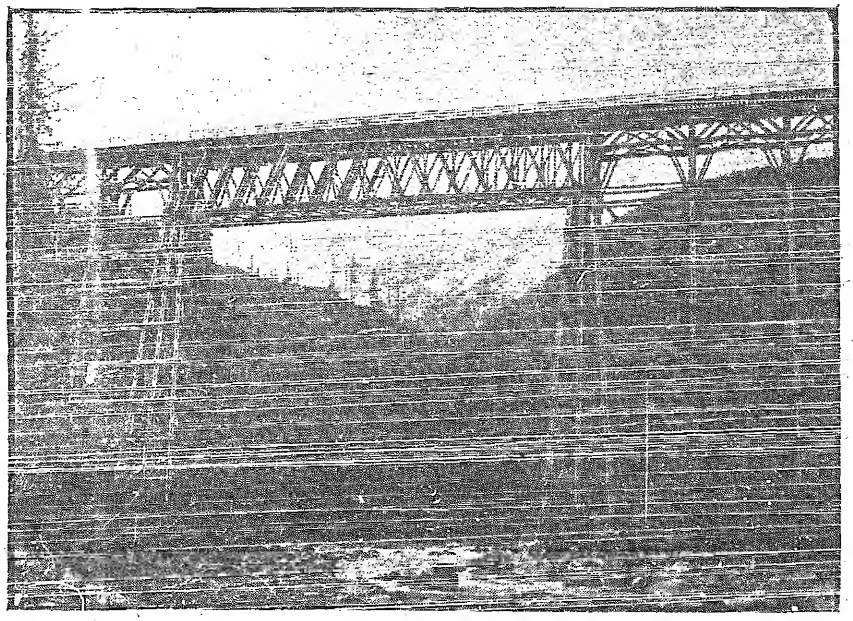
Many prominent citizens took their place on the platform as vice presidents, including Mr. R. H. Thomson, who represented the Mayor, and the Hon. John H. McGraw, representing the business men. The meeting was highly successful, God was honored, and over 4,000 of Seattle's representative citizens were enlightened as to the Army's triumphs far-reaching the world.

Seattle has a reputation for rain, which was fully sustained, for during the latter part of the afternoon and evening the clouds unloaded their contents on the city, and rather threatened the success of the night meeting from the standpoint of a crowd. But notwithstanding the elements some 5,000 people filled into the building at once more receive the General's message, which was delivered with characteristic salvation fervor and earnestness. The follies of sin and its terrible consequences were depicted in language at once convincing and convicting. Hearts were stirred, backsliders arrested, and sinners made to feel the weight of their sins. Such great power pervaded the place that His saints felt the results good and lasting were secured. And so it proved.

The prayer meeting was conducted along the lines observed in the preceding service, which have already been described, only the fight was more hotly contested. The power of darkness seemed more in evidence, but this only served to intensify the fighting on the part of the soldiers and officers present. Inch by inch the victory was won, and when the last gun was fired, thirty-four men and women found pardon in Christ. All joined in singing, "Thank God I'm saved," and as they did so, their faces were lit up with a new-found joy.

The General was supported by a large and able staff. Commissioner Nicol, of War Cry fame, stood by the General in loyal fashion. Commissioner Kilbey, of the Western Territory, stood on the bridge as chief officer, and personified his duties in true Salvation style, while Commissioner Coombs, of Canada, rendered yeoman service in the prayer meetings. America's late Chief Secretary, Colonel E. J. Higgins, as a Lieutenant on the occasion, stood by and did his part nobly to the success of the campaign. While Colonels Pugmire, Marshall, Veltie, and Lee, and other visiting officers, joined with Brigadier Jenkins, the Provincial Officer, in making matters run smoothly and well. The latter is to be congratulated on the general success of the campaign.

From the decks of the Minnesota the General sent his blessing and good messages with regard to wishing us the war in the United States, and also the words, "God be with you till we meet again," sent in him singing song, the steamship gently moved from the dock, and we all went away in a feeling of admiration for our General and exchanging sentiments as to the dear old General.



Mountain Creek Bridge, Over Which the General Traveled.
This bridge contains over 1,500,000 feet of timber.

Sketches

LONDO

This article throws a vivid lig small sellers on the streets posed legislation for the amel

THERE are about twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand little gutter merchants in London, whose ages range from five years to fifteen. Roughly speaking, they are divided into three classes, viz., homeless and friendless little arabs who have to depend upon their wits to live, the children of drunken and cruel parents, and fatherless little ones whose scanty earnings are badly needed to supplement the sweated wages of the widowed mother.

"Little 'Uns a-Sleepin'!"

It is almost impossible to conceive of greater wretchedness than that experienced by the homeless and friendless class of juvenile traders, and the character of their merchandise is often curious, to say the least of it. One evening, not long ago, I went to our Boys' Shelter and offered to give a sharp-looking little chap of eleven threepence for every boy he could show sleeping in nooks and crannies of this great city. The little fellow led the way, as unswervingly as a hound on a strong scent, to a building site, not far from Smithfield Meat Market, and close to the railway. Upon the site, behind a hoarding, was reared an immense pile of empty packing cases. Into the darkness dashed the little fellow and nosed round for a time, and then I heard a voice issuing from the depths, loudly whispering, "'Ere y' are, guv'nor! 'Ere's two little 'uns a-sleepin'!" I followed the sound of the voice, and crept into the wilderness of cases. I came upon my "pointer." He was crouched in front of a large packing case which lay upon its side. It was pitch dark, and not a vestige of anything human could I see. I put my hand into the opening in just the same way as one would put his hand into the cleft of a rock, not knowing what manner of beast might be lurking there. My fingers rested upon two figures, locked in each other's arms.

They lay silent and still, but wakeful, as I could feel by their trembings. I asked them to come out, but they were apprehensive of evil, and declined to do so, thinking, perhaps, that I was a detective or some other sinister personage, and it needed the combined efforts of my guide and myself, with promises of supper and a bed, to induce the little waifs and strays to come out of their hiding place.

They came out. I surveyed them by the strong glare of an electric street lamp. One was a lad about eleven, with a big frame and a hungry look. The other was smaller, and by his visage might have been any age from ten to twenty-five. He said he was twelve. Their faces were very lean and grimy, their clothes were dirty and ragged, and each garment was obviously but a fragment of its original suit.

The bigger boy said that he had been driven from home by his parents, who were drunkards. The wizened little chap said that his parents were dead. The reply of both in answer to my question as to how they get their living was that they went in "for all sorts of fry in Smithfield Market."

"All sorts of fry" was a commodity new to me. I have, on several occasions, tasted lamb's fry, and found it rather appetising. I asked for further particulars concerning "Smithfield" and "all sorts of fry." This was the reply from the of the wizened visage:

"Why, mixed grill, guv'nor! Don-cher know?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance, and while on our way to the Army Shelter I gathered that "all sorts of fry," or "mixed grill," is the waste which falls from the butchers' stalls in the market.

The "Mixed Grill" Merchant.

At the early morning meat market the butchers, when cutting up the carcases, trim away bits of fat which,

Sketches of London Life. No. 12.

LONDON CITY'S LITTLE TRADERS.

This article throws a vivid light on the sufferings of the small sellers on the streets, and deals with the proposed legislation for the amelioration of their condition.

THERE are about twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand little gutter merchants in London, whose ages range from five years to fifteen. Roughly speaking, they are divided into three classes, viz., homeless and friendless little arabs who have to depend upon their wits to live, the children of drunken and cruel parents, and fatherless little ones whose scanty earnings are badly needed to supplement the sweated wages of the widowed mother.

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The "Mixed Grill" Merchant.

At the early morning meat market the butchers, when cutting up the carcases, trim away bits of fat which, with odds and ends of meat, are thrown into the sawdust on the floor. This constitutes "mixed grill." The juvenile merchant who trades in this commodity, provided with a bag, goes round the market after the morning sales, and, with the permission of the butcher, plunges his hand into the sawdust-swept up in heaps under the stalls, and, if he be the first in the field, gets several scraps of fat, which he puts into his sack and goes on to the next stall, and there repeats the performance. When the bag is full, or the market cleared, the "mixed grill" merchant takes his sack to the keeper of a workingman's restaurant, or to some thrifty housewife, who will purchase it at the rate of one halfpenny per pound, and melt it down into fat for making pastry, etc.

As the "mixed grill" merchants at the Smithfield Markets alone run into hundreds, the remark made by one of the lads that they "allus dosses as near Smithfield as possible, so as to get there early in the morning" is perfectly reasonable.

The Little Consumptive Match-Seller.

But all the juvenile traders at Smithfield are not "mixed grill" merchants. There are possibly hundreds of children who on Saturdays, when the retail business is in full swing, do a thriving business—at any rate, their persistent efforts to sell should command good business—in the way of selling vegetables to the matrons to go with the Sunday's joint, or penny canvas bags, in which the joint, vegetables, and other purchases may be conveyed home. A large trade is done in these bags at Smithfield and other big London markets where the clerk, who is "something in the city," frequently drops in to see what is going cheap, and as bargains can generally be made, a penny canvas bag is required.

A Raid on Traders.

Not many weeks ago an official of the City Guardians came to the market and found juvenile traders in the thick of a roaring trade, and when he found that they possessed no licenses, and were under no kind of municipal control, he took the names and addresses of everyone he could intercept. He got the names of nearly a hundred.

Little Traders in the Provinces.

Certain cities in the Provinces are far in advance of London in dealing with the juvenile traders. In Manchester, for instance, arrangements are being made to house the children whose circumstances require it, and they are being helped with clothing, which they pay off by degrees. But these are children from twelve to sixteen, able to earn their own living. The children most likely to be victimized by drunken parents are altogether kept off the streets. In Birmingham restrictions on juvenile trading were first imposed by their Act of 1865, but the measure did not go far enough, and allowed children of eleven to be sent out. Liverpool first took really effective steps, getting a Bill passed in 1898, after some opposition in Parliament, which has worked admirably.

The Bill, in brief, provided licenses for boys between the ages of eleven and fourteen years, and girls between eleven and sixteen, for selling in public streets. The parents or guardians of any child under eleven, or without a license, selling in the streets is liable to a penalty of £1 for each offence. It was also provided that the Watch Committee may take means to secure that the licensed children without homes of their own should be decently lodged at the expense of the Police Fund. The hours at which the children should not be allowed to trade in the streets were fixed from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. between the 1st of April and 30th of September, and from 7 p.m. to 6 a.m. between the 1st of October and the 31st of March.

That similar legislation is badly needed in London is patent to all whose duties or pleasures keep them out late at night. There are parents so lost to every other desire but that of drink, that the consumptive child, whose pale cheeks and hollow cough are calculated to evoke sympathy in the breast of the passer-by, is regarded as a valuable asset, and is kept out till the small hours of the morning selling matches in a thoroughfare where playhouses abound; his very infirmities, which should command kindly treatment, only causing hours and exposure, with brutal treatment at the finish if the takings are not satisfactory.

A Piteous Sight.

There is scarcely a more piteous sight to be see anywhere than that of a child of ten or eleven years with pale, sunken face, large lustrous eyes, coughing vigorously as he trots along in the gutter pleading with one to buy the box of matches he holds in his hand, declaring it to be the last he has, and if purchased will enable him to go home out of the wet. He lies fluently, as you very well know. For in a pub near at hand sits a wretched parent with a reserve stock of matches and as soon as the last box is disposed of the little consumptive returns for another, and so it goes on until the public-houses close for the night, and until the hollow cough is hushed in death.

The commodities sold by these little traders are usually of such a character as to take them into the neighborhood of public-houses and places where they be compelled to see and hear all that is worst in the night-life of the streets. They are exposed to every evil influence, and their services are often requisitioned by the most depraved and abandoned of both sexes. What chance is there, then, for such a child, under such conditions, to grow up into an honest member of society?

It will be obvious to our readers that such a condition of things as exemplified in the case of the homeless "mixed grill" merchants, and the little consumptive lad—both of whom are described as the writer saw them himself—could not obtain under such by-laws as those at Liverpool. It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that the resolutions of the Conference will lead to the passing of the Bill in an improved form. It is understood that the Lord Mayor has promised to personally interview the new Home Secretary with a view to the incorporation of the recommendations of the Conference in his new Bill.

But whether by day or by night, and irrespective of the character or occupation of the parents, it will be for the good of the children if the law compels them to sell under more favorable conditions than prevail at the present.

In a recent number of the War Cry it was stated that Dawson had now a population of eight thousand. This is apparently an error, for Capt. Baynton informs us that the inhabitants at present number only about one thousand.

HIS LAST TRAMP.

A CANADIAN INCIDENT.

On a cold mid-winter evening,
When the sun went down to rest,
And the gorgeous hues of sunset
Linger in the distant west,
From a cottage on the hillside
Came a man, erect and strong,
On his feet he strapped his snowshoes,
Then he quickly tramped along.

Soon he walked a narrow pathway
Leading over mountains steep,
Through long valleys, deep and lonely,
Where the snow lay soft and deep.
On he tramped, till, faint and weary,
He approached the frozen bay;
Still his journey was not ended,
He had gone but half the way.

Miles of snow yet lay before him
On the cold and trackless bay,
Where a freezing wind was blowing
Since the early dawn of day.
Night had fallen as he journeyed,
And the boy was bleak and wide,
Yet he tramped with brave endeavor
Still to reach the other side.

On he walked a few more paces,
But no further could he go;
Weak and faint he paused, exhausted,
Then he sank upon the snow.
There upon the frozen waters,
With his face turned to the sky,
There alone, with none to succor,
He was doomed that night to die.

When the eastern sky grew crimson,
And the sun in grandeur rose,
And the country-folk, awakened
From their peaceful night's repose,
As they left their humble dwellings
To begin the work of day,
They espied a strange, dark object
At some distance, on the bay.

Quickly putting on their snowshoes,
They went out in haste to see
What toy there that winter morning,
On the snow, might chance to be;
But when they approached the object
They beheld a ghastly sight—
There they found the way-worn traveler
Who had perished in the night.

There he lay, as death had left him,
Stretched upon the frozen tide,
One hand rested on his bosom,
And his staff lay at his side.
'Neath his head were found his snowshoes,
Which had borne him all the way,
And in death his only pillow
On that cold and cheerless bay.

* * * *

Sinner, heed this awful warning,
Death will also come to you;
It may be some winter evening,
When you least expect it, too;
It may be upon the waters,
On the railroad, anywhere;
But remember, if unpardoned,
You will perish in despair.

Seek the Lord while He is calling,
There is danger in delay;
Oh, accept His free salvation
Which He offers you to-day.
Then should sudden death o'ertake you,
You will be prepared to die,
And your soul will find a welcome
In that blissful home on high.

P. N. Benoit.

"The Biddenden Maids."

A Curious Easter Custom.

Easter day is celebrated in the little village of Biddenden in the Weald of Kent, Eng., by the distribution of a large number of hard biscuits or cakes bearing effigies of "the Biddenden Maids." They were Siamese twins, Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst by name, and according to a broadsheet which is distributed every year, they were born "in the year of our Lord 1100." They lived for thirty-four years, and one died six hours after the other. By their will they left twenty acres of land in the parish to the churchwarden, and in commemoration of the event 1,600 rolls imprinted with their picture were given away to all strangers on Easter Sunday after divine service, while the poor people of the parish get 500 quartern loaves and cheese.

Building a Steel Steamer.

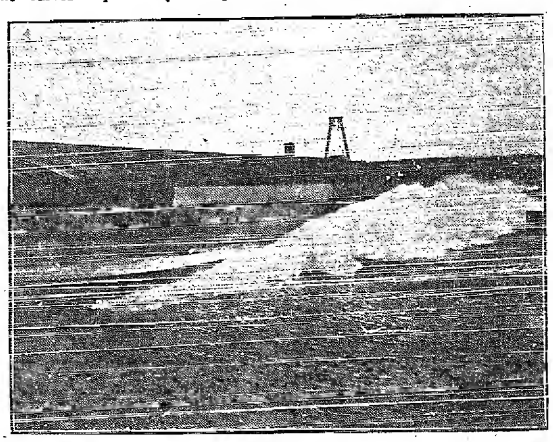
A GLIMPSE AT A PROSPEROUS CANADIAN INDUSTRY.

(Continued from last week.)

During this time the shops and yards have been busy. Up in the mould loft they have laid down the lines upon a great floor, i.e. scratched them in upon the wood floor, full size, and laid the shell plating in. They then make wood moulds of light stuff for laying off and bending the frames on the slobs.

In the work of shipbuilding it is necessary, first, to form the skeleton (the bones) of the ship. This skeleton must then be covered with flesh of iron, a cuticle, as it were, of steel plates.

Then the body must be given muscles, in the shape of machinery, and lungs in the form of boilers, and a heart—or two hearts—in the form of engines. The ribs, the first of the bones in the skeleton, are fashioned out of long, pliable bars of steel, issuing at white heat from the jaws of a monster furnace. These ribs, still at white heat, must be hammered into the curves required by the plans.



Launch of the Ontario No. 1.

The above is the launching scene of Ontario No. 1, the car ferry to be operated by the Grand Trunk Railway between Cobourg and Charlotte this summer. The launching took place at the yards of the Canadian Shipbuilding Co. The camera was snapped just as this, the heaviest vessel ever built in Ontario, struck the water.

With great pinchers and tongs the leather aproned workmen seize the hot, straight bars as they come glowing from the furnace. They bend them between pegs that have been inserted in the holes of the perforated metal floor for the purpose of giving the required curvature to each particular steel bar. The rib-bands that hold the ribs together, are hammered into shape in the same way. Thus with infinite care, and the hardest labor, the work goes on for months, until all the ribs and rib-bands are complete, until the skeleton has been riveted together. The ship has now been advanced to the state known as "in frame."

To cover this frame with a flesh of steel come the plates from the manufacturer, each as square and as flat as a flagstone. These plates must be bent and curved into as many different shapes as the leaves of autumn. This is accomplished by rollers, through which the plates pass as easily as a towel through the housewife's wringer. They must be smoothed down—a hydraulic or steam plane does this as readily as it would plane pine boards. Their edges must be trimmed—a machine performs this operation as deftly as a tailor cuts with his shears a piece of broadcloth. They must be punched full of holes for rivets—a punching machine does this, ten plates at a time, with the ease of a railroad conductor punching ten paper tickets. Curved, smoothed, trimmed, and punched, the plates are next hoisted up to the riveters, and then begins a deafening banging and hammering which continues for many months, while the plates are being riveted to the ribs. Millions of double-headed rivets are used, each particular rivet having been subjected to the closest scrutiny of an expert examiner. At this stage of construction in a wooden vessel, the caulker would come with oakum and tar, filling the interstices between the planks. In the case of a steel vessel, however, no caulking, as such, is necessary. The sharp edge of each plate is turned in with a chisel, and so closely then do the plates meet that water cannot possibly get in.

The Launch.

There is no event in the course of construction which appeals more forcibly to the imagination than the launch. There is something mysterious, something hidden, in the operation of the forces which bring it about. The mass moved is so enormous, and its motion so dignified and apparently irresistible, that the attraction of a launch for the public is easily accounted for, even without the more sentimental features of the scene and the poetical suggestiveness of the vessel's first introduction to the water.

In vessels of any size, advantage is taken of the energy of the position of the ship on the stocks, as measured by the difference of the height of the centre of gravity osore and afloat. A ship is supported by keel blocks at a certain distance above ground. In the process of construction the pieces of steel were raised up and built into the vessel, and the result is that the general centre of gravity is many feet above ground, which constitutes the aforesaid launching force.

In launching the mass not only moves down but along. The ways are really the inclined roads down which the ship travels. They correspond to the rails on a railroad, with the exception that they are arranged for sliding rather than rolling. At an ocean launch there are two, on the lakes, at a side launch, there are a great number.

When all is ready for launching the blocks on which the ship was built, excepting a few, according to the size of the ship under the fore most end of the keel, are gradually taken from under her as the time arrives and her weight is then transferred to two temporary keels. The only preventive now to the launching of the ship is a short shore, called a "dog shore," on each side, with its heel firmly cleated on the immoveable platform, or sliding plank, and its head, abutting against a cleat secured to the fore way or base of the moveable part of the launch. Consequently when the shore is removed, the ship is free to move, and her weight forces her down the incline plane to the water, to prevent her running out of her straight course, two ribands are secured on the sliding plank and strongly shored. Should the ship not move when the dog-shore is knocked down, the blocks remaining under the fore part of the keel must be consecutively removed until her weight overcomes the adhesion, or until the action of a screw against her forefoot forces her off.

There are, of course, different modes of launching to the one we have described.

The ship is by no means finished yet, however, and for many months she will give employment to an army of workmen. She must be painted, upholstered, furnished and decorated, besides having the engines and boilers fitted in.

Thus we get some glimpse of what an immense undertaking the building of a modern steamer is, and from the foregoing it is easy to perceive what great importance is placed on the work of the designer. Not until he has spent months in making intricate calculations and drawing colored plans, is he ready to turn over the work of his brain to be wrought by the muscles of the workers into a structure of beauty and strength. Any "slop work" in either the designing or construction would probably lead to fatal results in the loss of vessels. It is of great consequence, therefore, that the best workmenship and the best materials be employed. Given these, the shipbuilder can turn out some magnificent vessels, which will plough the oceans of the world and serve to unite the nations in the bonds of commerce and intercourse.

(We are indebted to Mrs. George B. Ward for the greater part of the above information.)

SPEAKS WELL FOR ARMY.

On Sunday evening last the service in the Salvation Army barracks were of a specially interesting character, the band did really well, considering the number of players; we are glad to note that it is still improving under Bandmaster Cook. The meeting was led by Capt. Hoare, now in charge of the branch in this town, who spoke very clearly on Abraham's sacrifice. He beautifully showed us the wonderful willingness of Abraham to sacrifice the dearest and best treasure he had on earth—his son Isaac, then turning the example to all present to urged upon each and every one the necessity of obedience to God. It was indeed a meeting long to be remembered by all who were present. One very noticeable feature of the meeting was that everybody was anxious to shake with the Captain's talk that there wasn't a single move by anyone in the audience, which showed great reverence to God, and speaks well for the Army in this town.—Canning New Era.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER PENNELL, OF LONDON, ONTARIO.

Death has been very busy in our city of late, and among those who have been called was a dear soldier of this corps, in the person of Brother Pennell. He was not very well for a long time, but it is only about six weeks since he was compelled to go to bed, and after a great deal of suffering he fell peacefully to sleep in Jesus. He left no uncertain testimony behind him, but a clear, certain hope of eternal life. To use his own words, he said to the writer one day, "Father is coming for me, and I am all packed up waiting." The memorial service was largely attended, and many were seen to weep, especially as one of his little boys sang a song composed by his father.

At the close of this service five souls sought the Saviour, and among them was the oldest son of our departed comrade. Our prayers and sympathy go out to the wife and little family.—J. C. H.

BROTHER HIBBERT, OF PARIS, ONT.

On Thursday night, Feb. 21st, at 9 p.m., Brother Hibbert passed away from earth to heaven.

He only came here from England last summer, followed later on by his wife and family. Stricken down with Bright's disease, he only lingered two weeks. During his illness he was visited several times by Ensign Pickel and others, and he gave them the assurance that all was well with his soul. We gave him an Army funeral.

The service attracted a large crowd to the barracks, and was most impressive. A number of comrades spoke concerning our brother's life as a Christian, and Lieut. Lewis sang, "Some day the silver cord will break." Bros. Gordon, Crawford, Neil, and McLauchlin also took part in the service.

Ensign Pickel's address was very touching and convincing.

Headed by the band the procession wended its way to the cemetery, where another short service was held, and the mortal remains of our brother committed to the earth.

We pray that God will sustain and comfort the bereaved wife and family.

Mrs. Hibbert sincerely thanks the many kind friends who stood by her in her hour of sorrow.—Treas. McLauchlin.

SISTER MRS. WILDON, OF SUSSEX, N.B.

Death has again broken our ranks and taken Sister Mrs. George Wildon away. The summons came very suddenly, but she was ready to go and was resigned to the will of God. Even in the valley of the shadow of death she was able to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Though not able to attend many meetings, she was a good and faithful soldier and her life spoke to all in the village where she lived.

Our officers conducted the funeral service at the house and graveside.

On Sunday night Capt. McWilliams held a memorial service, and as various comrades spoke of the life of our departed sister many were deeply touched and awakened to their need of her Saviour.—Pansy.

BANDMASTER TAVENER, OF DOVERCOURT.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Bandmaster Tavener. On Sunday he attended the General's meetings, apparently in good health, but on Tuesday he was dead.

The bandsmen thought it rather strange that for a month previous to his death he was especially set on teaching them funeral marches. Little did they expect that the first funerals they would play them at would be their own bandmaster's.

Brother Tavener was about thirty-six years old, and had been a Salvationist for over twenty years. He had only been in Canada for the last two years, but during that time had impressed everyone as being a humble, loyal, true Salvationist.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign Thompson, assisted by Adjutant Kendall and Capt. McFetrick. A long procession followed the remains to Prospect Cemetery.

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On Sunday a memorial service was held at the barracks, when many touching references were made to the earnestness and godly life of the late bandmaster. Three souls knelt at the mercy seat as a direct result of the service.

Our comrade leaves a wife and five children behind, to whom our deepest sympathy is extended in their hour of sorrow.

"MOTHER" BETTS, OF FEVERSHAM CIRCLE.

"Mother" Betts passed away to her reward on Tuesday, March 19th, 1907. She was one of our oldest soldiers, being seventy-nine years of age, and having served God for over forty years. She came in contact with the Army in the early part of 1894, and fell in love with its methods and religion right away.

She left a wonderful testimony to the beautiful presence of Christ with her, almost her last words being—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Her kind, maternal face, which won for her the name of "Mother," has already left a void in our ranks, which is felt by the whole countryside.

Lieuts. Scott and Willis laid the remains away on Wednesday, amid pathetic scenes, numbers of hearts being touched by the duet, "Over the river," which was beautifully rendered by them.—Fritz.

BROTHER DAUTHWAITE, OF AURORA.

Oly two weeks ago, at a cottage meeting held at his own house, did our brother give himself to Jesus. On March 18th his funeral service was conducted by the officers of the corps.

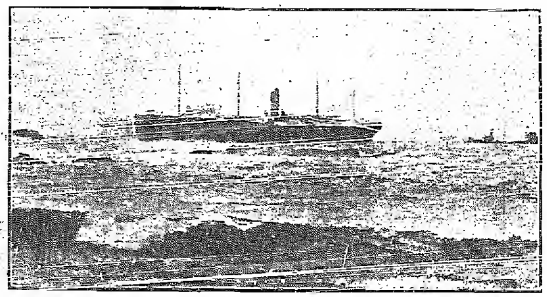
A memorial service was held on Sunday night, resulting in a young man seeking salvation.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Sister Dauthwaite, who is a faithful soldier of this corps.—J. N. R. and L. M.

Salvationists on the "Suevic."

Two Majors "Appear to Have Acted, As One Might Have Expected, with Conspicuous Bravery and Composure."

—London Daily Chronicle.



The Suevic as She Appeared After Having Struck.
This ship has since been blown in two by dynamite.

TWO more Salvation Army officers have experienced the horrors of shipwreck. These were Majors Hoare and Williams, of the Australian forces, who were returning to the Old Land on the S.S. Suevic, which went ashore at the Lizard. All the 375 passengers were rescued.

Both officers have been stationed in Australia for many years past—Major Williams for nineteen years and Major Hoare for sixteen years. They were actually looking out for the Lizard light—the first sign of the Old Country—when the crash came. Major Williams thus describes the event:—

"We went to have a look at the light. As we did so we heard a grinding sound, and the engines stopped dead. We looked over the side and saw the jagged, dark rocks above the waves.

"Going below, we saw ladies peeping out of the doors of the cabins in their night attire. They said, 'What's the matter, Major?' for, of course, they had heard the grating sound when the ship went on the rocks. We did not want to cause any panic, so we merely said, 'You had better get the children together, put a blanket around you, and get on deck.'

Helping the Children.

"I then went to my cabin and told the passenger who shared it with me, *a gentlemen from Melbourne*, to get on deck without delay. Locking my bag and picking up my rug I went on deck again, and saw there a man who had six children. I asked him if we could be of any assistance. He thanked me, and gladly accepted my offer. I at once hurried below and secured a number of life-belts for these children. These I brought up and assisted to fit on.

"Going downstairs again I found my cabin empty. Not knowing what might happen within the next few minutes, I got down on my knees alone with God and prayed for all on the ship, not forgetting my own wife and little ones whom I had left behind in Australia.

"Running on deck I tried to take in the situation, then downstairs again to bring up, in company with another gentleman, as many life-belts as we could carry. These we fitted on the women and children. By this time life-belts were being supplied to everyone. I fitted about twelve life-belts on women before securing one for myself.

"Meanwhile rockets had been fired and the boom of our guns sounded a cry of distress across the dark raging waters.

"Gets Your Boats Ready."

"Soon a light was seen steadily approaching the stern of the Suevic. Someone shouted 'Ship ahoy!' and the Captain and officers went along the deck to speak to the coxswain in the life-boat that had come to our aid.

"'Get all your boats ready. Get as many as you can,' shouted the coxswain.

"The women and children were then got towards the stern of the ship, and into one of the boats.

"A few moments later another life-boat came alongside. Another boat, filled with women and children as before, was let down and taken in tow. Then a third boat was filled with women and children and hung on the davits ready to be launched.

"Before long life-boat No. 1 returned, I heard the coxswain say, 'The tide is rising. In a very short time we shall not be able to get here. The men had better jump from the ladder!' A rope ladder was accordingly thrown over the side about midships. The men got down, the life-boat was filled, and departed. Major Hoare and I were still on board.

"In due course life-boat No. 2 returned, and was filled with men, and departed for the shore. When life-boat No. 1 came back again Major Hoare and I joined her, so that you see we left in the third men's boat. The ship, as you know, struck at twenty minutes to eleven. We did not get off her until three o'clock next morning."

Khartoum of To-day.

A Great Change.

A well known Egyptologist, in an article in the Windsor, advises those who desire to see what British rule has done for the Soudan to take a trip to Khartoum in the month of December, and spend six weeks in the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. He will travel—over tracks formerly trod only by camel caravans—by one of the best-appointed railways in the world. If he be so disposed, he can have dining and sleeping-car accommodation for the greater part of the two thousand miles between the Mediterranean, Khartoum, and beyond. 'You meet civility everywhere, and the cost is moderate. In Khartoum the happy faces of the dusky natives of both sexes, beaming with intelligence and good nature, prove that they know when they are well treated and protected, with none to make them afraid, their families their own to love and rear among plenty, with work and good pay for all who need employment."

Alaska Puzzles Scientists.

They Own They Know Nothing.

"Alaska baffles science," says a writer who has spent much of his life in that country. "I have known scientists to go into that country with the most plausible theories in the world, but they went out of it with none of them left. It is impossible for them to explain the frozen condition of the ground for a distance of two hundred and fifty feet down into the earth, or to account for the finding there of giant mastodons and mammoths. I have seen ivory tusks taken from the ground that measured twenty feet, and the skulls of these animals were bigger than a forty shilling pot. There are impressions of ferns to be found that show the vegetation to have been a hundred feet high. Among all these evidences of animal life, however, there is not a sign of the existence of man. What amuses me is the way the so-called scientists approach Alaska. They assume to have explanations for everything in nature; but the moment they get up into Alaska and see the wonders of the earth there, and are interrogated by the practical miners who have lived there for years, all their ideas vanish, and they disclose the fact that they really know nothing."

Montreal's Population.

Interesting Figures Concerning City's Growth.

According to a statement recently issued at the City Hall, the population of Montreal is 350,000. The taxable property is valued at $200,600,344 and exempted property at $54,048,755. The city's debt is $31,669,000, and its area 7,714 acres; it has 220 miles of streets, 35 miles of paved streets, and 214 miles of brick sewers; 35 public parks, with a total area of 215 acres.

The value of Protestant Public School property in the city is returned at $1,325,871 and the value of Catholic Public School property at $1,100,958; the pupils attending the former school number 10,991, and the number attending the Catholic schools are 21,515.

The Street Railway Company has 55 miles of tracks in the city, over which 76,365,060 passengers were carried during the past year, and the percentage paid by the company to the city was $177,326.

There are 1,522 arc lights in the city streets and 340 gas lamps.

Eight hundred and twenty ocean vessels arrived in the harbor last year, and 12,557 inland vessels. The custom receipts amounted to $14,146,616.

OVERFLOWING AUDIENCES.

Good meetings are being conducted by Capt. Petersen at **Meaford**. We had Capt. Tiller with us for the week-end, with his lantern, and large crowds attended the meetings. Our barracks was not large enough to accommodate the people who wanted to come in. Powerful meetings were held on Sunday, and much conviction was seen. The finances were the best yet.—J.

Musical Prize Competitions
FOR THE YEAR 1907.

The Chief of the Staff has approved the undernoted arrangements for the Prize Competitions of the present year.

The Competition will be in three classes:—

1.—The best original melody for general congregational use in Salvation Army holiness meetings.

2.—The best original selection for the use of Army bands.

3.—The best original march for the use of Army bands.

The Musical Board of International Headquarters will be the adjudicators, and the cash prizes, accompanied by a certificate of merit, will be as follows:—

For the best Melody, 1st Prize £2 2s.; 2nd Prize £1 1s.

For the best Selection, 1st Prize £4 4s.; 2nd Prize £2 2s.

For the best March, 1st Prize £3 3s.; 2nd Prize £1 11s. 6d.

A Certificate of Merit will also be given to the competitors taking the third place in each class.

The Competitions in all classes will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in all lands, except persons who are officially employed by the Army in composing or editing music.

Melodies must be received in London between June 1st and 30th, 1907.

Selections and Marches must be received in London between July 1st and 15th, except from the colonies or foreign countries. The date for such contributions will be extended to August 1st to 15th 1907.

Full particulars, together with conditions and form of entry can be obtained from the Territorial Commander.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may see exactly what is required before commencing their work.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN

Will visit London, Sat., Sun., Mon., May 4, 5, 6.

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON,

Praying League and Auxiliary Secretary, formerly Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Reid, will visit Windsor, Ont., Sat., Sun., and Mon., May 4, 5, 6; St. Thomas, Thurs., May 9; London, Sat., Sun., Mon., May 11, 12, 13.

ADJT. SMITH'S PROPOSED TOUR IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Newcastle, April 18, 19; Moncton, April 20, 21, 22; Hillsboro, April 23, 24; Truro, April 25, 26; Dartmouth, April 27, 28, 29; Halifax I., April 30, May 1; Halifax, May 2, 3; Liverpool, May 4, 5, 6, Bridgewater, May 7, 8; Bridgetown, May 9, 10; St. John, May 11, 12, 13; Sussex, May 14, 15.

EASTERN TOUR OF ENSIGN SHEARD WITH BIOSCOPE.

Windsor, April 20 and 21; Truro, April 22; Londonderry, April 23; Stellarton, April 24; Westville, April 25; Port Hood, April 26; Inverness, April 27, 28; North Sydney, April 29, 30.

Sydney Mines, May 1; Sydney Mines (night), May 2; Sydney, May 3; Dominion, May 4, 5; New Aberdeen, May 6; Louisburg, May 7; Glace Bay, May 8; Reserve, May 9; New Glasgow, May 10; Halifax I., May 11, 12; Dartmouth, May 13; Halifax II., May 14; Chester, May 15; Lunenburg, May 16; Bridgewater, May 17; Liverpool, May 18, 19; Shelburn, May 20; Lockport, May 21; Yarmouth, May 22; Digby, May 23; Annapolis, May 24; Bear River, May 25, 26; St. John I., May 27; Carleton, May 28; St. John III., May 29; Fredericton, May 30; Woodstock, May 31; St. Stephen, June 1, 2.

Songs for All Meetings.

Salvation.

Tunes.—What's the News? (N.B.B. 126); Behold, Behold the Lamb! (N.B.B. 122); Song Book No. 36.

1 Hark, sinner! Jesus calls for thee,
Come to-night!
He offers peace and liberty,
Come to-night!
He waits to pardon all thy sin.
To cleanse and make thee pure within;
For freedom now apply to Him,
Come to-night!

Oh, do not spurn His offered grace,
There's welcome and a fond embrace,
Remember how thy Lord was slain,
Think of His agony and pain,
That He thy pardon might obtain.

Do not reject such boundless love,
For joy in fulness thou mayest prove,
And when thou'rt near to Jordan's wave,
Christ will be there to help and save,
And give thee victory o'er the grave.

Tune.—Make no Delay (S.M. I. 37, B.J. 34); Song Book No. 64.

2 Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His word He's shown us the way,
Here in our midst He's standing to-day
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

Chorus.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be.
Come to the Saviour! Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come!

Think once again, He's with us to-day,
Heed now His blest commands, and obey,
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Come to your Saviour, come!"

Experience.

Tunes.—At the Cross (N.B.B. 208); Are You Washed (N.B.B. 207); Song Book No. 221.

3 When my heart was so hard
That I ne'er would regard
The salvation held up to my sight,
To the cross when I came,
In my darkness and shame,
It was there where I first saw the light.

Chorus.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,

For my blindness I thought
That no power could have wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and might;
But 'twas done, for I felt
At the cross as I knelt
That my darkness was turned into light.

Then the gloom had all passed,
And, rejoicing at last,
I was sure that my soul was made right;
For my Lord, I could see,
In His love died for me
On the cross, where I first saw the light.

Tune.—Canaan. Bright Canaan (N.B.B. 216); Song Book No. 305.

4 Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me?
A free and full salvation!
He groaned and died upon the tree
To give me full salvation.
I'm happy now both night and day,
Since I have gained salvation;
No matter what the world may say,
I'll tell of full salvation.

Chorus.

Salvation! Salvation!

For young and old, for rich and poor,
A free and full salvation!
For temper there's no better cure
Than a free and full salvation.
It takes away the love of self—
A free and full salvation!
'Tis better far than fame or wealth—
A free and full salvation!

Holiness.

Tunes.—Only Thee (N.B.B. 151); Even Me (N.B.B. 142); Song Book No. 495.

5 Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!
Whom have I in heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wandering steps to guide?

Chorus.

Only Thee, only Thee!
Loving Saviour, only Thee.

Only Thee! No joy I covet
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives the full assurance
Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.

Only Thee! I ask no other,
Thou art more than all to me;
Life or death or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.

Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my ruptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

Tunes.—Blessed Lord (N.B.B. 163); Guide Me, Great Jehovah (N.B.B. 165); Song Book No. 400.

6 Spotless Lamb, oh, wilt Thou make me
Always holy in Thy sight,
That the dying world may see me
With my life and actions right?
Blessed Jesus,
Cleanse and make me spotless white.

Spotless Lamb, I bring my weakness,
All my failures to the light—
To the blood for perfect cleansing,
Strengthen me with holy might.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou canst make me spotless white.

Spotless Lamb, Thou perfect Cleanser,
Thou didst fit me for the fight—
Healing, cleansing, and renewing,
Now Thy will is my delight.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast made me spotless white.

TERRITORIAL FINANCIAL SPECIALS.

Captain Tiller.—Haileybury, April 20, 21, 22; Cobalt, April 23; New Liskeard, April 24, 25; Sturgeon Falls, April 26, 27, 28; Sudbury, April 29; Soo, Ont., April 30, May 1; Soo, Mich., May 2, 3; Sudbury, May 4, 5, 6; North Bay, May 7; Orillia, May 8, 9; Midland, May 10, 11, 12; Omemee, May 13, 14; Lindsay, May 15, 16; Fenelon Falls, May 17, 18, 19; Kinmount, May 20; Ireland, May 21; Coldkonk, May 22; Uxbridge, May 23, 24; Brampton, May 25, 26, 27; Orangeville, May 28, 29; Dundas, May 30, 31; Hamilton II., June 1, 2; Hamilton I., May 3; Hamilton III., June 4; St. Catharines, June 6, 8, 7; Niagara Falls, June 8, 9, 10.

Capt. Davey, Northwest Province.—Kenora, April 20-23; Fort William, April 25-28; Port Arthur, April 29, 30; Winnipeg, May 2; Selkirk, May 3-6; Winnipeg, May, 7, 8.

Captain Ash, Eastern Province.—North Sydney, April 20, 21; Sydney Mines, April 22; Truro, April 23; Londonderry, April 24; Windsor, April 25; Kentville, April 26; Canning, April 27, 28; Parrsboro, April 29; Springhill, April 30, May 1; Amherst, May 2, 3; Sackville, May 4, 5; Summerside, May 6, 7; Charlottetown, May 8, 9; Moncton, May 10.

Captain Matier, West Ontario Province.—Essex, April 19, 20, 21; Bothwell, April 22, 23; Chatham, April 24, 25; Dresden, April 26, 27, 28; Wallaceburg, April 29, 30; Sarnia, May 1, 2; Thedford, May 3; Forest, May 4, 5, 6; Petrolia, May 7, 8; Strathroy, May 9; Stratford, May 10-12; Seaforth, May 13; Clinton, May 14, 15; Goderich, May 16, 17; Wingham, May 18-20; Listowel, May 21, 22; Palmerston, May 23, 24.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relatives and Friends.

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist arranged reunions. Enquiries, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Booth, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent to pay for postage, etc. In cases of reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with this advertisement, an extra charge of ten cents is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Friends of soldiers and friends are requested to look through this column, and notify the Commissioner of the whereabouts of any person advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

5845. MIDDLETON, ARTHUR. Age 20, height 5ft. 8in., dark hair. Was last heard of in the steamboat [illegible] August, 1905, running in the Georgian Bay.

5829. McINTOSH, WILLIAM PETER. Age 34, brown hair and [illegible] tache, blue eyes. May be in Boston. Friends enquire.

5833. BALDOCK, HERBERT EDWIN. Singe, age 21, height 5ft. 7in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, pale complexion. Missing since November, 1906. Last known address, North [illegible] Ont. News wanted.

5818. JENNINGS, FRANK. Age 30, height 5ft. 7in., dark hair, medium build, native of Aylesbury, [illegible] heard of in Toronto. Please communicate with above office, or F. Pinniger, 732 Minna St., San Francisco.

5822. TOUGH, ROBERT, late of Plaidy, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Age 30, height 5ft. 9in., ruddy complexion. Mother anxious for news. Communicate with above office.

5883. DAYNES, JAMES (alias [illegible] Jones). Married, age 50, height 5ft. 8in., dark hair, eyes, and complexion. Missing thirty years. Last heard of in San Diego, Cal., U.S.A. May be in Moose Jaw.

5864. GRIFFITHS, J. W. Age [illegible] fair complexion, blue eyes, medium build, height 5ft. 9in. Last heard of in Canada. Wife anxious for news.

5867. BRADLEY, GEORGE. Age 27, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. Came to Canada three years ago. Last heard of in August, '06, at Saskatoon.

5868. CLOW, CHAS. ISAAC. Age 55, grey hair and eyes, ruddy complexion. Last heard from in 1895, in Montana, U.S.A. Mother died [illegible] 6th, 1907.

5873. CARSON, WILLIAM. Age 33, height 5ft. 10in., brown hair and eyes. Missing six years. Last heard of at Spences Bridge, B.C. Supposed to have left for Los Angeles, Cal.

5808. RICHARDS, F. Age 25, height 5ft. 5in., dark brown hair, blue eyes. Missing eight months. May be in Hamilton or Toronto.

5866. ARCHIBALD, JAMES. Age 26, height 5ft. 8in., dark hair and dark complexion. Last heard of in Calcutta six years ago. Sister and brother anxious. He enlisted in [illegible] 99. News wanted by the above.

Farm Lands and Real Estate Advice Bureau.

Having received enquiries from Salvationists and others concerning Farm Lands (improved or otherwise), the Commissioner has decided to establish Agencies in connection with the Immigration Department, where he will be glad to receive correspondence from those desiring to purchase or sell, and hopes in this way to give reliable information to our soldiers and friends.

Communications should be addressed to Brigadier Howell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, or to any of the following Immigration Officers: Major Creighton, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man., or 439 Harris St., Prince Rupert, B.C.; Staff-Capt. McGillivray, [illegible] ance St., London, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Creighton, Kingston, Ont.; Brigadier Patterson, 16 Palace Hill, Montreal, P.Q., or 25 University St., Montreal, P.Q.; Adjt. Jennings, Box 1000, Halifax, N.S., or 253 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.; Adjutant [illegible] Brandon, Man.

CAST-OFF CLOTHING FOR [illegible]

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will be glad to receive cast-off clothing, [illegible] in good repair, especially [illegible] Please address to Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Free Labor Bureau, [illegible] Temple, Albert St., Toronto. [illegible] paid.

THE WAR CRY AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE
23rd Year. No. 80.

Between the Wolves and the Social W